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THE ERIC BRISTOW INTERVIEW

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TRACI LORDS: UNDER AGE PORN STAR SCANDAL
ONE HUNDRED & EIGHTY!
THE ERIC BRISTOW INTERVIEW

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVE ANTONY

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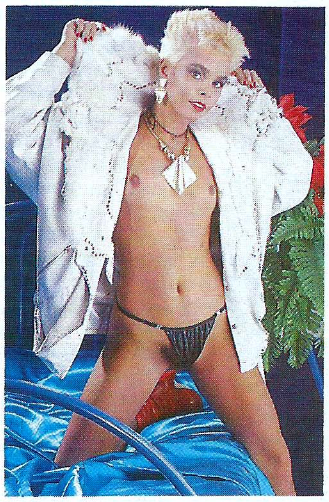

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Girl CHAT

This is the bit where we take ourselves even less seriously than in the rest of the magazine. As well as looking at a sample of every girl in the issue (and using the 'caught off guard' shots where available) our man propping up the bar at the Grievous Bodily Arms, W.F. Guttersnipe, delves into the drivelling depths of the so-called 'girlie blurbs' and tells the sordid truth about the thirty-strong team of addle-brained hierophants who stand in for an infinite number of monkeys and write them. From the Senior Arch-blurb Director to the Boy On a Youth Training Scheme Who Fills In When the Assistant Vice-deputy Blurb Researcher Is Having An Acne Attack, from El Gutto the obese Editor to El. Blotto his tosspot assistant – all are libelled in equal and fearless measure. Then we have the section where W.F.G. takes an irreverent look at the sillier stories sent to us from local newspapers around the country and the national press. Don't forget – you can earn yourself £20 by sending us a funny newspaper cutting which we can use in this column. (Send your crazy cuttings to W.F. Guttersnipe, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.) Read on . . . !

LA WHO?

Once again it is proven that no matter who occupies the jobs, *Knave* editorial staff live in constant fear of the monsters in their art room, a 'sensitive' breed prone to throwing a wobbler when they're told that no, they can't make this month's cover a photograph of a woodlouse's bum magnified 7,462 times, however aesthetically pleasing it may look.

Sparks are, it seems, still flying off Art Editor 'La Perambulata' from the observation a couple of months back that her hair and that of nouveau crew-cropped model Lindy bore a resemblance one to the other. The victimized Assistant Editor is applying lingual massage to her nether sphincter with such unseemly and desperate haste that I suppose it would be a diplomatically unsound moment for me to point out that the name 'La Perambulata' is pidgin Esperanto for 'she with the colour sense of a drug-crazed parrot'? *(Yes it would, shut the fuck up before you start World War III – Ed).*

SEEING DOUBLE

Sisters for Amateur Models this month – what next? This lovely couple is Helen (Brunette) Cole, and that lovely couple is Caroline (Blonde). The delectable duo hail from . . . oh, I don't believe this . . . they're a pair of Bristolians. How apt.

Twenty-year-old Helen is reckoned by the Blurb Supervisor's Amanuensis and Part-time Catamite to be exactly a quarter of the age of El Gutto the Editor, which seems only reasonable – her waist measurement is about a quarter of his as well.

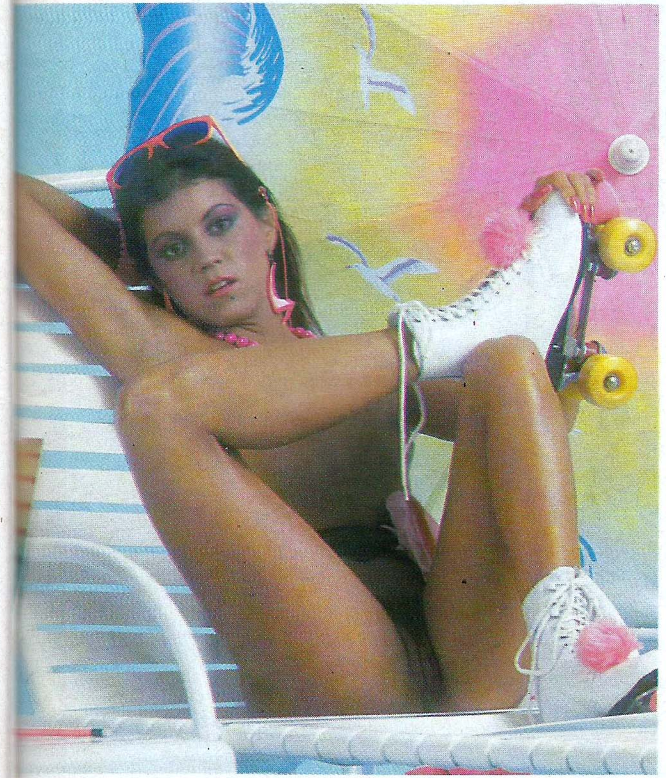
NAKED SPORTS

The character with the multicoloured castors on her feet is Californian wheeler-peeler Laura-Jo, purportedly an official of a nude roller skating society. Where else but California would people do such things, you may ask – in which case you've obviously never seen our Managing Director practising the less than noble art of nude ten-pin bowling. Believe me, you wouldn't want to. The worst of it is that although he uses the finger-holes for gripping and delivering the balls it's not his *fingers* that he puts in there for the purpose. So if you ever grab a ten-pin bowl and it squelches, you'll know who's been there before you. Yuk!

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

Curling up with the pink sheet is one of two models from Los Angeles to feature this month, Calida. The blurb-hacking staff suspects photographer Dag Ohrlund pulled her due to "a back pocket bulging with our expense account dollars" during his six month stint Stateside. Unless they treat photographers considerably differently to mere scribes, I find this hard to imagine. Even if I saved up a *year's* worth of my 'generous' non-accountables and then asked for it in pound coins, I doubt that the word 'bulge' would be one acceptable to the Advertising Standards Authority as a description of its effect on my trousers.

Calida is supposed to have been discovered stuffing enchiladas in a Mexican eaterie. I do not wear this. The one doing the stuffing of tortillas was more likely Dag himself – probably into his trousers, though whether to falsify the bulge at back or front is anyone's guess.



MUSSEL BRAINS

One gets used to the idea of farmers complaining whatever the weather, but grumbling about climatic influences is not something I would have associated with cockle gatherers - though, to be honest, it's not a profession I think about all that frequently – until a Labour member of Parliament spoke out for these harvesters of the tasty bivalve during the cold spell last January.

Backed up by a marine biologist, the MP revealed the little known fact that such mollusca, when trapped in frozen-over tidal flats, can suffer from something similar to hypothermia and shuffle (very slowly, one presumes) off this mortal coil by the barrowful. The concerned politico was pressing for Government aid for the gatherers hit by this freak but natural recession, and although I remain to this day ignorant of the outcome, I should imagine that, granted the national scandal required to find a fiver's fuel supplement for pensioners pegging out from hypothermia, his chances of raising much concern for the plight of shellfish and their minders must have been pretty slim.

Strangely, it also transpired that the edible cockle (Cardium edule) actually reproduces at a considerably higher rate in cold weather. This is certainly more than can be said for the common winkle (Phallus Knavescriberus), which I can assure readers from personal observation ceases to be randy even under a cold shower.

'ALIENS' VIDEOS UP FOR GRABS!

Once again our man with infra-red remote control and the rustling bag full of lager-flavoured popcorn, video reviewer Martyn Lester, has procured some spiffing competition prizes for *Knave* readers – this time no less a title than CBS/Fox's smash hit *Aliens*. How he manages those things without ever getting out of bed baffles me.

Still, five copies of the whizzo video (SRP £75 each) it is – one each for the first correct responses out of the bag to the following ridiculously simple questions:

1) What kind of chemical forms the bloodstream of the creatures in *Alien* and *Aliens*?
2) Between *Alien* and its sequel, Sigourney Weaver played a lady who was also attacked by non-terrestrial lifeforms and had to be rescued by an unlikely trio of spook hunters – name the movie.
3) From whose stomach did the original *Alien* gorily erupt?

1 .... Name ....
2 .... Address..
3 ....

Send to: Aliens Competition, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Competition closes 14 August 1987. The Editor's alcohol-crazed decision is final.

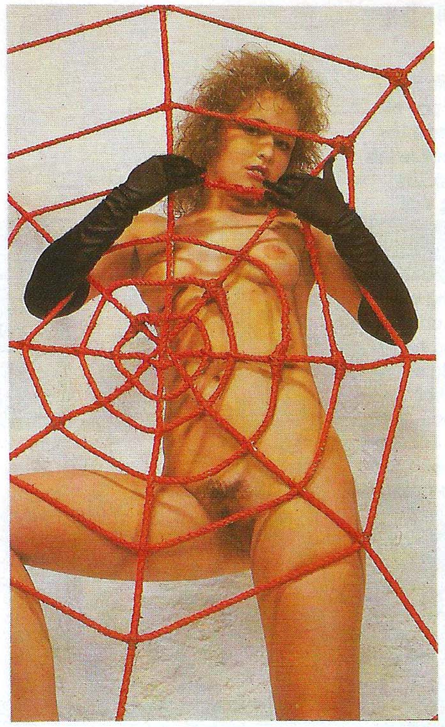
Girl CHAT

NATURAL WAISTAGE

There are quite a few jobs one can think of that a person would have to give up because of having become too overweight to carry out the necessary functions. In my experience this has rarely troubled games teachers, darts professionals, breakfast television personalities or even league footballers, but can you imagine a 26-stone fireman hauling himself up a ladder? Or a ballerina with a 36-inch waist?

Here's one, thought, that I doubt you've even considered. In February of last year one of the top men in the Japanese Red Army turned himself in to the police on the grounds that he had become far too gross to carry out his duties as a terrorist!

I wonder what the maximum acceptable size is for a girlie magazine supremo? *(Don't push your luck — Ed).*



FAIR DINKUM

Aiming her tits at the camera without due care and attention is Jenny, a stunner the Junior Blurb Apprentice's Personal Seam Straightener would wish you to believe is "the daughter of an obscure member of the Australian Royal Family". The Arch-Duke of Wallaroo, perhaps? The Nawab of Wagga Wagga? The Grand Vizier of Rum Jungle? I think we should be told.

I can imagine that Jenny's been described as 'classy down under', but the praise would surely be anatomical rather than geographical.

BILINGUISTS

You may have noticed references by members of the Amalgamated Union of Girlie Blurb Operatives and General Factotums to a model questionnaire over recent months. This document purports to be "a useful reference for the composition of accurate girlie standfirst and sidebars, and a tool for the compilation of general statistics about the tastes and lifestyles of *Knave* models."

In fact, the only 'tool' involved is the author of this devious quiz, which gives away its real purpose in such questions as No. 14 ("Do you take it in the mouth?") and number 31b ("How would you feel about coming up to have a look at the Editor's etchings after work?"). It's astonishing how many of the girls ask if there are two 'l's in bollocks while writing the answer to that last question.

Virtually all that can be gleaned from Shelly's form is that she has an ambition to speak Lithuanian, which means that she has at least one thing in common with the Assistant Editor — he tells me he's bilingual. At least . . . I *think* that's what he said . . .

STICK INSECT

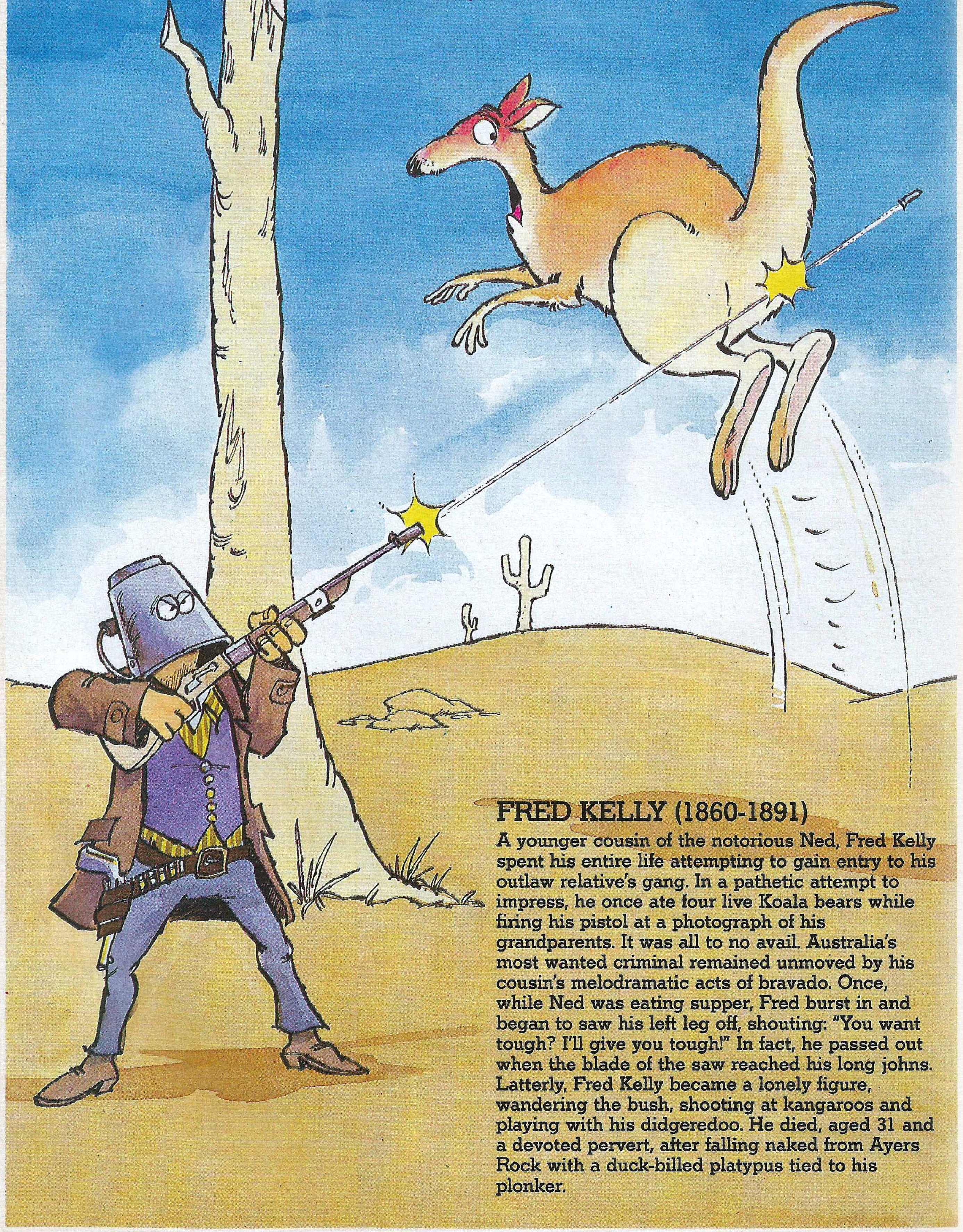
Let's end the grand parade of July's models with tricky Mickie, the lady who appears to be inviting all to . . . ahem . . . come into her parlour. She is reckoned to have elicited with her arachnidan posturings the first ever example of a staff member wishing they were a fly, which is technically true, though not the entire story.

The first of the witless wonders to express an interest in becoming any sort of insect was the widely read and pseudo-intellectual Assistant Editor who, after reading Franz Kafka's Metamorphosis, decided it would be 'dead cool and fucking romantic' to wake up as a cockroach. The first to think he *was* an insect was 'El Gutto' the gross Editor himself, who concluded a drinking bout on the Scrundles Peculiar Old Throbber by declaring himself a centipede and crawling all the way home on his ample stomach.

The Editor of *Fiesta*, El Gonzo The Gone, was once *thought* to have wished to be a fly, but had actually stated that he would like to be "a pair of flies". It was promptly pointed out to him that he was something very *close* to a pair of flies already . . .

KNAVEL HISTORY

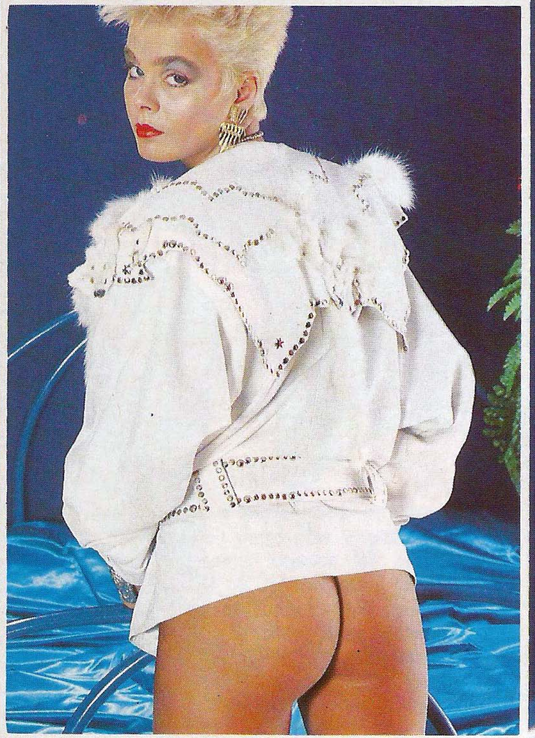
(A SERIES OF KNAVES AND BOUNDERS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS)



FRED KELLY (1860-1891)

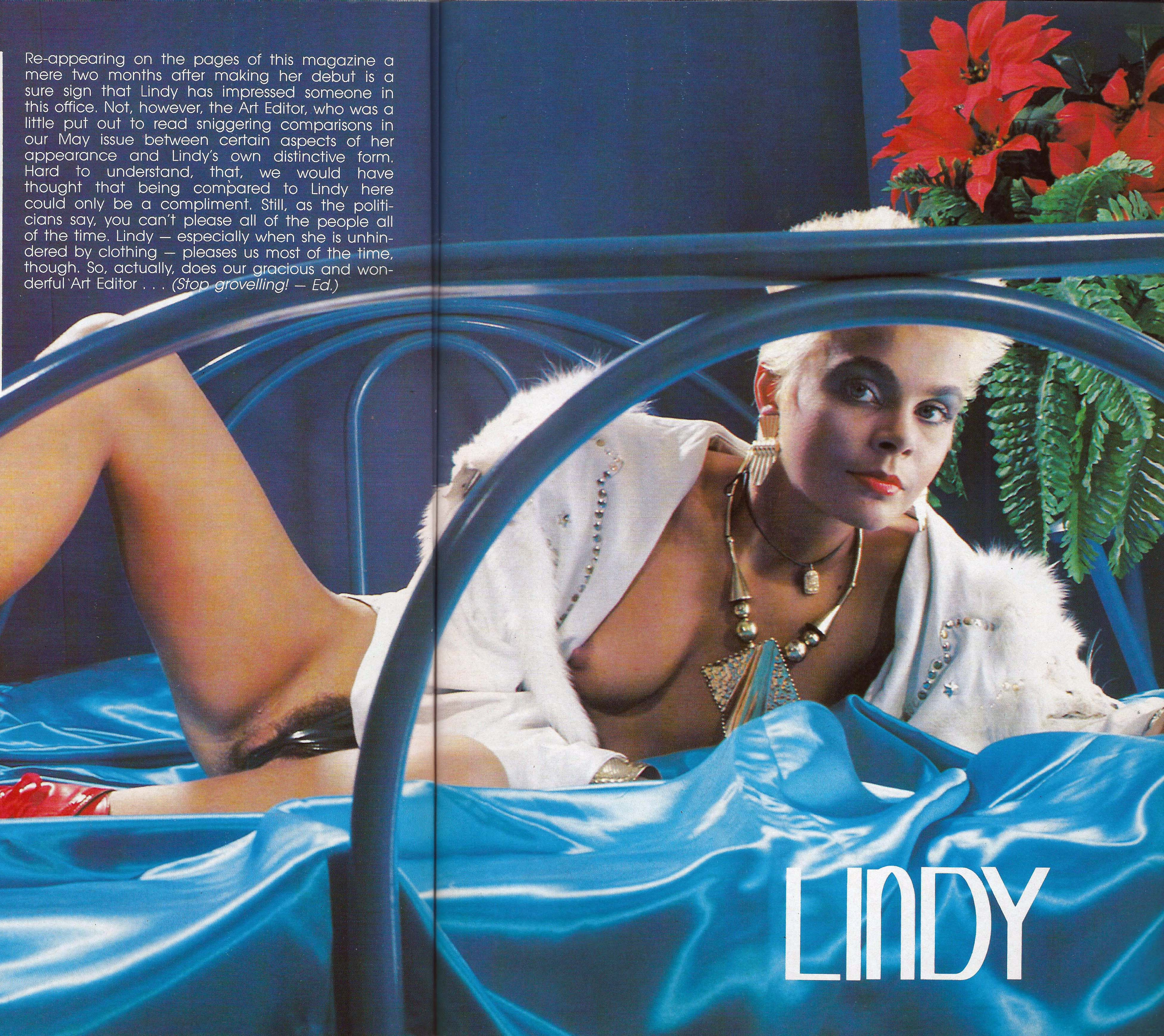
A younger cousin of the notorious Ned, Fred Kelly spent his entire life attempting to gain entry to his outlaw relative's gang. In a pathetic attempt to impress, he once ate four live Koala bears while firing his pistol at a photograph of his grandparents. It was all to no avail. Australia's most wanted criminal remained unmoved by his cousin's melodramatic acts of bravado. Once, while Ned was eating supper, Fred burst in and began to saw his left leg off, shouting: "You want tough? I'll give you tough!" In fact, he passed out when the blade of the saw reached his long johns. Latterly, Fred Kelly became a lonely figure, wandering the bush, shooting at kangaroos and playing with his didgeredoo. He died, aged 31 and a devoted pervert, after falling naked from Ayers Rock with a duck-billed platypus tied to his plonker.

LINDY



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN WALTON

Re-appearing on the pages of this magazine a mere two months after making her debut is a sure sign that Lindy has impressed someone in this office. Not, however, the Art Editor, who was a little put out to read sniggering comparisons in our May issue between certain aspects of her appearance and Lindy's own distinctive form. Hard to understand, that, we would have thought that being compared to Lindy here could only be a compliment. Still, as the politicians say, you can't please all of the people all of the time. Lindy — especially when she is unhindered by clothing — pleases us most of the time, though. So, actually, does our gracious and wonderful Art Editor . . . *(Stop grovelling! — Ed.)*



PENPOWER

Super Sasha

As a recent convert to your splendid publication I was fascinated by the marked difference between the sets of photographs of the lovely Sasha. In Volume 18 Number 5, she was a vamp-like seductress, clad in black stockings and a matching hat, whereas in Volume 19 Number 1 (with a new hair-do, or was it a wig?), she appeared in a white blouse and projected, to me, anyway, a sort of girl-next-door image.

Unfortunately, I don't have anyone like Sasha living next door to me, whatever image she is projecting. Anyway, what I am really trying to say is nothing new. I am merely attempting to underline the many different facets of womankind, or something like that.

She looks great anyway, whatever she is wearing (or not). — *P.J., Surrey.*

Thespian Talents

A few years ago my girlfriend, who worked in a London theatre, invited me to the first night party.

The show wasn't all that good, but the booze afterwards was free so nobody was complaining. We rubbed shoulders with showbiz glitterati (it's funny how many of them are actually very small) and one time I stood next to a very well known drag artist in the loo. He wasn't so small and I couldn't go, I was too nervous.

Anyway, the party was great, and was over too soon. My girlfriend staggered drunkenly towards me with an old friend of hers who had offered us a bed for the night. It was better than taking a taxi out to the suburbs, where my girlfriend lived, so I was happy to accept. I suppose the fact that the friend, Jenny, was an extremely attractive girl had something to do with it as well.

At the appartment my girlfriend promptly fell asleep on the sofa. We disposed of her in one of the bedrooms and went back into the lounge for a nightcap.

We had a pleasant conversation and I soon discovered that Jenny was an actress and had recently had a supporting role in a series on television. As I hardly watch any television I had to apologize for not recognizing her, and she wasn't at all put out. Then I said that if I had watched the series I would certainly have remembered her. A pretty crummy line, I know, and I was sure that it would get nowhere with a girl like this. So I was very surprised when she blushed and thanked me.

I can't remember what we talked about after that, I was too intent on looking at her. And I was so engrossed in her that I didn't realize that the bulge in my trousers had begun to grow. I soon started to feel uncomfortable, and it was inevitable that Jenny would notice. I found that I wasn't the least bit embarrassed when she asked, with a smirk, what was wrong.

'Just a bit of Emu trouble,' I said, trying to make light of it, 'He's been under a lot of strain recently.'

I hadn't expected anything more than conversation from Jenny that night, so I was practically in a dream as she leaned over me and quickly unzipped me. Emu didn't put up much of a fight and was soon throbbing in her hands. Then her lips closed around my shaft and I felt myself being expertly sucked and licked. It was less than a minute later that I exploded with a cry inside her mouth.

She drank down the sperm and continued to rock her head up and down on my cock, her silky lips slipping the length of it as she sucked the last drops of liquid from me. My head was spinning as she drew away from me, taking a last lick at the tip of my penis with her tongue. Then she smiled at me and we kissed passionately.

As her tongue went to work again inside my mouth I ran my hands over her firm body, feeling the curves and mounds through the thin material of her dress. She gasped as I brushed my hand gently up her inner thigh, delighting in the smoothness and warmth of her skin. Her pants were wet from her own juices and she squealed as my hand pushed under the material, caressing her curls and finding the slippery wetness that seemed to suck my middle finger inside her.

'My bedroom,' she breathed. 'Quickly.'

We moved into her room, next to the spare one in which my girlfriend was sleeping off the drink. We quickly took off our clothes, and my erection grew hard again as I saw more of Jenny's wonderful body. Her breasts were firm, with small, hardened nipples.

I stood naked in front of her as she peeled off her damp pants. My penis was jutting out, rock hard, as she lay back on the bed and spread her long, smooth legs. Her cunt opened up and I saw the soaking wet entrance to her body glistening. I moved over her, and her legs were immediately around me as her trembling hand guided me into her.

First the tip of my penis pressed against her slippery labia, then gently forced them apart as I sank slowly into her hot, wet body. I slipped all the way into her in one motion, and she cried out as I reached the end of the thrust. I felt my balls pressing against her cunt, our hairs intermeshing. Jenny was silky smooth beneath me, her nipples brushing against my chest, her legs and arms clamped around me, pulling me to her.

I moved slowly out of her, a sucking sound coming from between us. I pulled back until I almost came out of her, and paused until she wriggled in anticipation, her hands eagerly pulling me down onto her.

I plunged deep into her once again, our liquids squelching, and Jenny screamed. I thought briefly of my girlfriend next door,

continued on page 21

Secret sex lives are no fun — so share your sexy stories with us! Drop us a lurid line or two, write to: Penpower, Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Don't forget that we pay £50 — yes, £50 — for the best letter each month, plus £5 for every other letter published. You won't get your money, though, if you don't give us your full name and address — in complete confidence, of course, we won't publish it. We're waiting — so get writing!

continued from page 19

wondering if she would come out of her drunken sleep before morning, but I had much more important things to attend to at the moment.

Jenny was panting and frantically arching her hips up to meet every one of my thrusts into her. I pounded harder and faster, every push making her gasp, every withdrawal feeling like there was a vacuum between us, pulling me back into her. Juices were spurting out of her cunt, making a wet slurping noise each time our bodies clashed together. Jenny screamed softly as I drove deep into her. I was exhausted, but exhilarated as well.

"Jenny suddenly went rigid, and I felt her vagina muscles gripping my penis tightly as she tensed in orgasm. I pushed in deep, and spurted."

Jenny suddenly went rigid, and I felt her vagina muscles gripping my penis tightly as she tensed in orgasm. My cock hardened even more and I pushed as deep as I could into her cunt. Then the incredible surge of fluid was pumping through my cock, spurting out into Jenny's cunt. I cried out in pleasure as I felt myself bucking and jerking inside her.

Eventually we both relaxed but, despite having had powerful orgasms, we still felt that we wanted more. So, half an hour later, after kissing and fondling each other for a while, we were ready for action again. This time Jenny mounted me, kneeling astride me. It was wonderful to lie back and watch my cock slip in and out of her hairy cunt. Her breasts jiggled as she rode me, and I reached up to gently rub her stiff nipples. She was very sensitive to my touch and pressed herself against my hands, moaning softly. After a while she began to come, and the sight of her bobbing up and down on my cock, juices pouring out of her cunt, was enough for me to come as well.

As she closed her eyes she pushed her hips hard down onto me. She orgasmed with a shudder, shouting out in her ecstasy. I erupted a second later, my hot sperm splashing up into her.

We made love once more that night, a lot slower and quieter than before, and we were totally satisfied, and very sore, by the next morning.

When my girlfriend emerged from her room at lunchtime I claimed that I had slept on the sofa. With her hangover I don't think that she was too interested in anything that day, so Jenny and I got away with it.

We saw each other a few times over the next couple of years, meeting through my girlfriend, but only made love once more (which is another story) and that was just as spectacular as the first time. Unfortunately Jenny had to further her career, as these people do, so she eventually married some bloke at the BBC And what a lucky sod he is. — *M.L., Oxford.*

Congratulations, gentle reader, you've won this month's £50 prize!

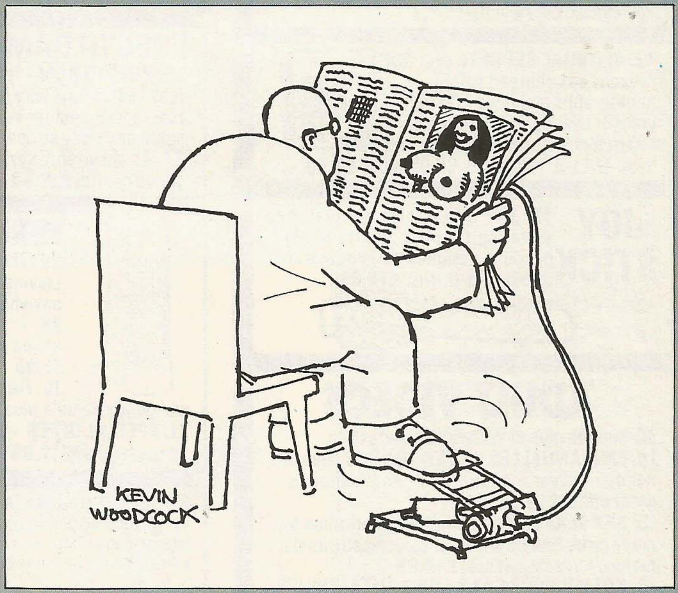
Art Room Rule

I recently bought a copy of your magazine and as I read through it I came across Germaine (Vol. 19 No. 2) working out with her weights. I think she's gorgeous. It says the art room boys *(The art room girls don't like being called boys — well, most of them don't — Ed.)* won't print the rest of the photos. Who's running the bloody mag: you or them? *(Good question. I asked the art room girlies, but they wouldn't give me a civil answer — Ed.)*. As an avid reader of your magazine, I think you should print the rest of these photos in your next issue. — S.R., Cumbria.

I'd love to print them, honestly. But, they're lost to this world now. You see, there is one man (and I use the term loosely — he's actually a Canadian who thinks that he's a moose or somesuch) and he's taken every last picture to his secret log-cabin. The chances of getting them back are even more remote tham the Assistant Editor of Fiesta getting his round in at lunch-time! — Ed.

More Sex

I have only just started reading your magazine and I must say I find the letters written by fellow readers extremely stimulating. My wife has written to you already, telling you how I became hooked on your magazine, ('Knave' what a name) now I write (with full confidence) to tell my fellow readers about something which happened so many years ago, but is still vividly remembered.



Sarah was a stunning blonde with small, firm breasts, and long, long legs. Her best mate Veronica, (both were Jews) had big, shiny, brown eyes, and long black hair in addition to a perfect body. I met both of them at the local Squash Club. I was practising on my own when they approached me with some questions about the game (they were beginners, or were they?). I was more than willing to help them and even went as far as to ask them if they would join me for a cool drink after their game. After about an hour they fiinished their game and told me they'd just run home for a shower and meet me back at my place (I gave them directions).

I must have set a speed record in getting home, showering and polishing up my apartment. I had just finished combing my hair when the doorbell rang.

There they stood, both of them were still wearing their squash kit, wet with perspiration. I began to ask what was up when Sarah slipped past me and head straight for the bathroom.

'We've changed our minds,' explained Veronica, 'and decided to save water by showering here.' With that, she closed the door behind her and pulled my face to hers.

With nimble hands, Veronica made me nude, and led me to the bathroom before I could catch my breath. The room was fogged with steam from the shower, making it difficult to see Veronica pushed me into the shower, where I was greeted by Sarah's soapy naked body. My throbbing member was wedged between our stomachs as she fondled me with slippery hands. Veronica entered the stall and stood close behind me,

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PENPOWER

continued from page 21

caressing my bum and balls as she tongued my ears. I had three fingers deep between Sarah's legs, and she stopped kissing and touching me as she had her first orgasm. I turned around and applied the same technique to Veronica – she came almost immediately.

We rinsed off and headed for the bedroom. I was thankful I had splashed out on a king-size bed as we all tumbled upon it. Sarah sat on my face, as I licked and sucked her pussy lips, Veronica did a number on my erect penis. Sarah was practically humping my face when I felt the first load build up in my nuts. I exploded in Veronica's mouth. Before my cock got a chance to soften, she sucked and fondled me to another erection. She got down on all fours and I swiftly entered her from behind.

Veronica began to scream and howl in pleasure as she came violently. When her moans subsided, I pulled out of her – still hard – and spread Sarah's legs wide. I sliped my wet cock into her, inch by inch. She wrapped her legs around my back and kept in time with my pace. I felt my second load build as Sarah thrust harder and harder against me, approaching her own orgasm. Veronica fingered her clit frantically, and I could tell by the noise that we were all approaching the end. I wanted to shoot my load into Veronica's mouth again, so I pulled out of Sarah and stuck my cock into her open lips.

After that, I went off sex for a long while (exhausted?) but I enjoyed it so much I married one of them . . . – *E. G., Devon.*

Metaldehyde

I've read your mag for a long time, but this is the first time I've ever written to you.

Slug is fine, but thirty two pages of it is tedious. I wouldn't complain if your Slug Special had that many pages of Sniff & Snatch, they were fantastic. A combination of the body beautiful, oil and leopard skin bikinis. Wonderful, the best I've seen in a magazine for a long time. More, more, more please.

You can buy products in garden centres for Slug – amusing but too much. Give us lots more Sniff & Snatch instead. – *John, Devon.*

The Mind's Eye

I recently returned from a business trip to the USA where – not for the first time – I watched some totally explicit movies and bought some magazines which left nothing whatsoever to the imagination. This time I decided to risk customs and brought the magazines back with me – but since I got back what have I been reading? You guessed – Knave.

Why? Well, in a nutshell, I suppose, because the hard-core magazines leave nothing to the imagination, while Knave acts as a potent stimulus to it. I've been reading Knave since about 1974 – not every issue by any means, but enough to have a feel for the way it's progressed, through a few peaks and troughs, to its present position. I still have most of the copies I've bought, and a few of your models have become regular intimate companions in my imagination. Take Jean, for example (Vol. 8 No. 3) – and haven't I done so quite a few times – that body and those eyes! Or Faye (Vol. 10 No. 4) – that body and that knowing look.

Or take Belinda (Vol. 9 No. 3), probably my all time favourite in that centre spread shot, with her legs wide apart and that beautiful pussy, wide open and welcoming. And speaking of pussy, and coming up to date, the old erectometer reached a high reading in response to Eve (Vol. 18 Christmas Issue) and her beautiful snatch as I toyed with her moistly in a hotel bedroom the other night.

Keep it up Knave – for me and for all your other readers. And give your photographers, production people and most of all your models my great thanks for many special times. Do you think the girls realize the many gallons of tribute a single tempting pose must provoke from your many readers? What a thought!

Incidentally I'm not an old fogy. I'm 39, and – topically in this era of safe sex – for all this time I have used Knave as an alternative to infidelity in a happy and fulfilled marriage. That's not to say that it's been 100% effective, but it's certainly helped – and the 'failures' may also have benefited from my study of the magazine! But perhaps they're best kept for a further letter in due course. One or two were certanly interesting enough! – *B.J., London.*

"All this time I have used Knave as an alternative to infidelity in a happy and fulfilled marriage."

"More candle-wax waiter!"

Holiday Encounter

I'm thirty five now, a lawyer, happily married, with two children. But in my younger days I had a fair number of girls, and happily succeeded in fucking most of them. Nothing spectacular you know, I guess I've fucked about eighteen or twenty girls in my time. But one particular girl, (not my wife I might add,) sticks out in my mind, (and also makes me stick out when I think about the time we had,) above all others.

I was eighteen at the time, and starting a holiday in Ibiza with my parents and younger sister. We were staying at a place in San Antonio, and on the second evening there my parents and sister set off to an organized barbeque. I had decided not to go as I had a traditional gut upset, and was spending the evening sitting at the pool-side bar reading.

Viki was a Scots girl who, as it turned out later was then aged eighteen. How she got that much experience at that age, I'll never know. She was about five foot four, dark and pretty, and although in no way plump, was very well built. She came up to me and asked if I was on my own, and it turned out that she was on holiday with her parents, and they had gone to the same barbeque as mine.

I asked her to join me, and within the first five minutes of chatting I got a very strong

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feeling that she was after a good night, and I don't mean a candle-lit dinner.

I suggested we should stroll over to the hotel across the road for a drink, which we did. During the hour we spent at the hotel I got round to putting my arm around her, and she snuggled eagerly into my side. So I decided to try my luck, and subtly started to rub her left breast through her T-shirt. On about my third grope, she whispered to me that we couldn't do much there, and suggested a walk.

We wandered out of the hotel and down onto the beach, and as soon as we were out of sight of the road, Viki suddenly stoped dead. Opening her hand bag she took out a packet of six Durex, and looking me right in the eye, began to rub my cock through my shorts, and whispered: 'I wonder if you can manage to use all these tonight.'

"She stripped off down to her lavender coloured see-through nylon panties. Her breasts were enormous."

Then without any warning, she yanked down my shorts and underpants together, and said, almost with a growl, in her thick Scots accent: 'Get on your back, we'll use the rubbers back at the hotel.'

As I went down on the beach her hand was wanking me in a frenzy, and needless to say, I had a terrific hard-on within seconds. Then her head went down between my thighs, and it was the most sensational feeling as her lips closed around my cock. She took it in easing my nine inches in slowly but surely, all the time sucking rhythmically, and at the same time her tongue worked up and down across the tip of my cock.

I grasped the back of her head, moving it back and forth, fasther and faster. She sensed I was coming already, and finished me off with unbelievable sucking, until she had swallowed every spot of the thick white spunk I had squirted down her very willing throat.

When she'd sucked every dreg, she knelt up on the sand and said, "Now you've really got me slippery. Let's get back to the hotel quick! You'r going to fuck me until those rubbers run out, and I've got plenty more!'

She had a single room, and almost before the door was closed she was stripping off, which she did down to her lavender coloured see-through nylon panties. I hadn't realized just how big her breasts were until then. They weren't exactly firm, but they were enormous, with very large, dark brown niples, which were hard, standing up more than a quarter of an inch. To my surprise, she lunged at me, pushing me onto the bed.

I was more than willing, as she very slowly and deliberately began to pull down my shorts and briefs. It seemed an eternity until my throbbing cock was released, and sprang to a vertical position. She immediately gripped my cock, and looking down at it with the most hungry expression imaginable, groaned that now it was her turn.

I couldn't say a word as she climbed onto the bed and mounted me, still wearing those lavender panties. Pulling the crotch to one side, she guided my frantic cock into her gorgeous, wet cunt. Leaning her hands on my chest, she slowly pushed forward, my whole length sliding into her cunt. I remember that moment, as she just looked down at me and grinned. Then, after a moment, she started working herself back and forth, with more and more momentum, moaning ever louder, until she was almost letting me slip out as she was jerking so fast.

Then she came, and how. Her juices trickled down my thighs until she finally disengaged herself and lay back on the bed, panting. For the first time I knew I had really been used for a girl's pleasure, but I couldn't have cared less.

We fucked twice more that night, I couldn't managed all six Durex, but for the rest of the holiday I didn't get much breakfast, as Viki used to come to my room about seven every morning, when she'd suck me, wank me and fuck in a frenzy but not necesssarily in that order. I'd see her some nights, but she made no bones about the fact that she wanted as many guys she could get on that holiday.

It's been said before, but she was one girl who just couldn't get enough. – *S.A., Liverpool.*

Jigajig Jogging

As I live near Hyde Park and am a bit of a fitness fanatic, I often go for an early morning jog around the Serpentine before I make my way to the office. However, every time I pass a particular bush, I can't help but get a massive hard-on due to the memories associated with it.

It was a few months ago when the weather was tolerable I was jogging past that spot when I saw a gorgeous woman of about thirty-five sitting down on the grass massaging her calf. As she was a real stunner I stopped and offered my assistance. She explained that she had been jogging when she felt a twinge in her calf which had travelled all the way up her leg and suggested that a bit of gentle massage might help to relieve the pain. I was happy to oblige! I started by slowly rubbing her calf, but as my hand travelled further up her shapely leg I quickly became aroused with the front of my tracksuit rapidly taking on the appearance of a marquee.

She couldn't help but notice my obvious excitement and she suggested that perhaps a little gentle massage on her part might help me relax.

Seeing my acquiescence, she started fondling my inner thigh. Her hand travelled up towards my engorged member. With a deft movement she unfastened

SID GRIDLEY
AND
LITTLE
JIMMY
RIDDLE

Edited Highlights

I was always sexually unusual. My sex-drive was normal but I loved a woman who had other men *(blah-blah-blah – Ed.)* 'cos basically I can't hate anyone *(blah-blah-blah – Ed.)* can't let the sun go down on my wrath *(blah-blah-blah – Ed.)* does she really love him *(blah-blah-blah – Ed.)* you might think you can avoid it *(blah-blah-blah – Ed.)* but the universe operates on love *(blah-blah-blah – Ed.)* if you get a woman who'll give you everything *(blah-blah-blah – Ed.)* wake up and realize you've got an angel – don't screw around. – F., (Victim) P, Thirsk.

PENPOWER

continued from the previous page

the cord on my tracksuit bottom and her hand slid inside and started rubbing my knob which by now was threatening to burst out of my jockstrap. She quickly slid my jockstrap down and released my throbbing cock With slow movements she started to wank my foreskin backwards and forwards over my penis head.

Meanwhile, my hand had slipped up onto the crotch of her skimpy shorts and was to her obvious pleasure massaging her well-oiled pussy. As I felt the thin material dampen I slipped my fingers inside her crotch and found, to my delight, that she was wearing no knickers. I started rubbing her mound and I inserted two fingers up her crack while I teased her sensitive clitoris. We were both starting to emit small groans of pleasure, and as these became louder and more intense we sprawled over into the seclusion of the nearby bushes.

She pushed me back and quickly took down my tracksuit and sliped out of her shorts. Then she leaned over my midriff and started to lick up and down over my penis shaft, moving down to suck and tease my balls gently into her mouth. Taking my painfully pulsating organ into her mouth, she gently licked my frenulum and rasped her teeth up and down my shaft. Then she swallowed my whole length, tasting the pre-come as it oozed from my slit. She took my penis head between her lips and sucked for all she was worth. As I felt the orgasm rising in my balls I started groaning incessantly and when I started spunking into her warm mouth, she lifted her head and my come spurted all over her wicked grinning face.

I was determined to return the favour, so I pushed up her baggy top and with my tongue I traced a wet trail up to her shapely tits. I encircled one bullet-like nipple, while my hand massaged the other breast. After sucking gently for a few moments, I then took as much as I could of her firm breast into my mouth while she squirmed under my touch. I slid my hand down over her wiry bush and into her wringing wet cunt. She pressed herself against my fingers as they found the entrance to her slimy passage. As my thumb rubbed her already erect clitoris, my fingers wiggled against her fleshy vaginal walls. Her gasps of pleasure became louder and more frequent, and as she bucked her hips with the oncoming climax her teeth sank into my neck. Her whole body gyrated as she came and her vagina crushed my probing fingers. As her orgasm ended her body shuddered and lay still on the grass. Lustfully, she pulled me down beside her, and kissed me pushing her tongue deeply into my mouth. I could still taste the remains of my come on her darting tongue. I felt the first stirrings of life in my knob, and noticing this she reached down and started to rub and stroke it again. My cock obediently sprang to attention, and she bent down to suck it to full erection. She pushed herself up to sit on my thighs, then moved forward so that my rampant rod slid deep inside her moist pussy. She gasped as she was impaled by my tool, and started riding up and down with her tits joggling over my face. I reached up and sucked on her sensitive nipples, and as we approached orgasm together I was amazed that the squelching sounds didn't attract the attention of every passer-by for miles around.

We finally came in an explosive burst, her cunt muscles sucking the juice right out of my knob. We then collapsed in a tangle of exhaustion.

"Even I, fit as I am, find spontaneous outbreaks of copulation in the middle of a marathon less than believable."

I was barely able to make it to the office on time that morning. Now I must sign off, as it's time for my early morning jog! *– J.B., London.*

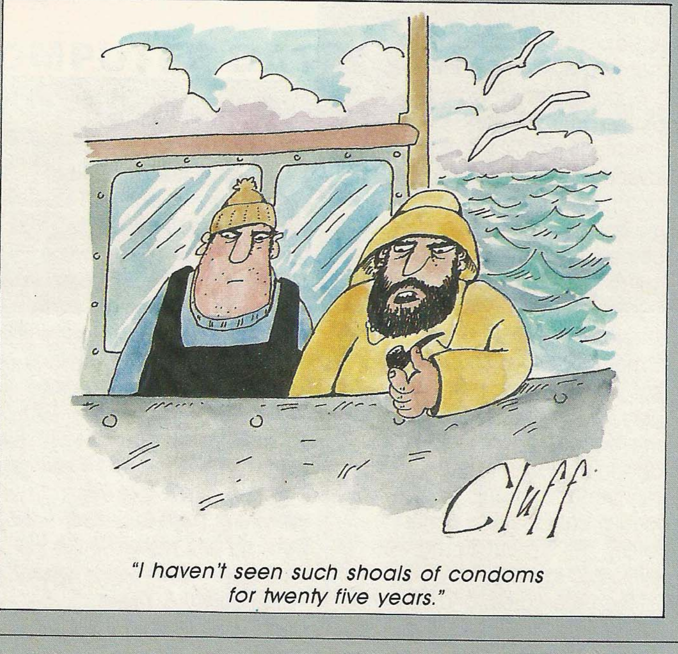
What can I say! Even I, fit as I am, find spontaneous outbreaks of copulation in the middle of a marathon somewhat less than believable. And the stench – sweaty pubes! – Ed.

Easy Rider

I've just read your new Knave (Vol. 19 No. 1), and it's a very good start to the new year. Specially your Jacqui is wonderful.

As soon as I saw her I was in love and I still am. What a beautiful girl she is. What a perfect body, a lovely pair of tits and a very clean pussy. I hope you'll publish her again sometime this year. I'm looking forward to it.

Also the Penpower is very good *(Is this man serious? – Ed.).* You've created a new fan here. Go on like that and I take a year supply very soon, but first I want Jacqui to ride over me! – *H.V., Barcelona.*



"I haven't seen such shoals of condoms for twenty five years."

Young Love

I'm twenty-two years old now, and I can still remember as though it was yesterday, my first time, four years ago. We had just come from her closest friend's birthday party, out into the fields at the back of the house. We had been seeing each other for the last couple of months.

It was a sundrenched sultry evening at the end of August, as we climbed the fence and walked up the small grassy embankment, that marked the start of the opencast area. They hadn't been scraping for coal here for sometime, and in the direction of the workings were three hundred yards or more of gentle fields.

'Look! A rabbit,' I pointed.

'Oh yes,' she said watching it, sharing my entrancement. I thought to myself at the time that if the 'Oh yes,' had come from anybody else, then it would have come out at least with a trace of sarcasm; but not with her. She never ceased pleasing me with her quiet charm, innocence, love of life and strong streak of common sense. I truly loved her. I turned to look at her. She was only about 5'4". Her shoulder length golden ginger hair caught the sun, and I watched the myriad colours explode against the background of green from the grass.

My perception pulled back, and I watched her walking a little way ahead of me. She had her head down, an air of purpose vaguely about her. As though something had been troubling her, and she had now made up her mind to deal with it.

'Come on slowcoach,' she

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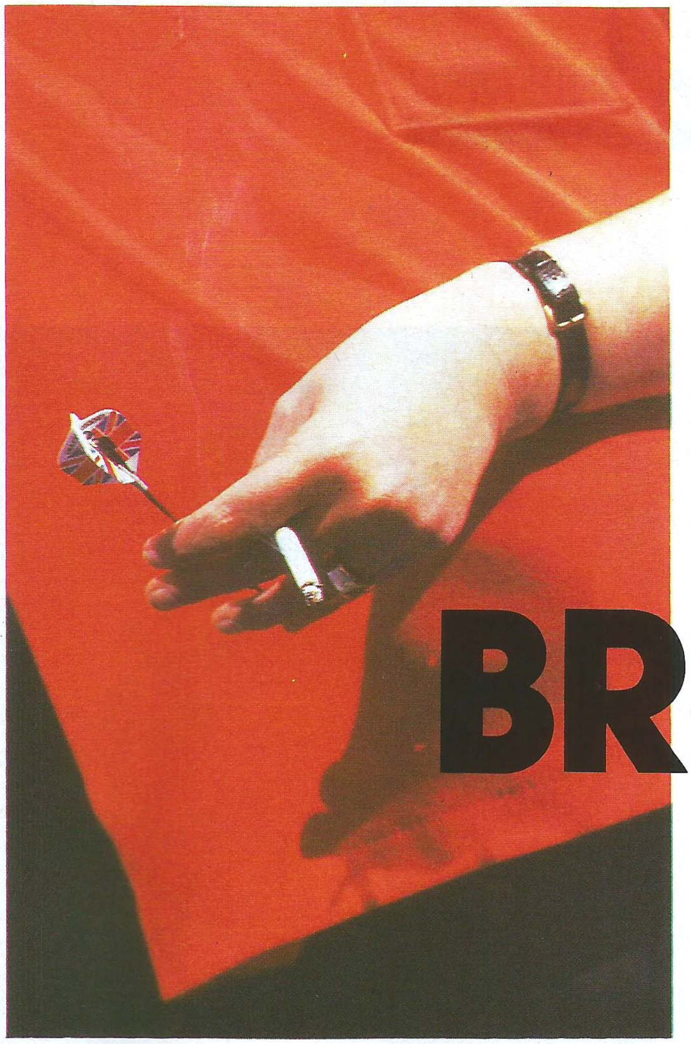
SHELLEY

Shelley has been eager to appear in Knave for ages. In fact, according to the legendary Knave model questionnaire and girlie blurb personal information sheet (form RC8 and document VC3), that particular ambition comes a close third to looking after old folks and speaking fluent Lithuanian. We're only too pleased to have her in our pages!

Those amongst you with an eye for detail and an appreciation of the aesthetic importance of background will have noticed that Shelley's pictures have a safari feel about them. There is a very good reason for this, but neither she nor the Editor feels able to share it with anyone else in the office. It has something to do with the non arrival of the nine fifteen at Liverpool Street station, a misplaced beer-guide and an apalling imitation of a cross-eyed lion! Make of it what you will . . .

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAG OHRLUND

THE KNAVE INTERVIEW



ERIC BRISTOW

Professional darts? It's a murky, smoke filled, booze ridden world innit? Whatever, it's a world ruled over by a shy, self-effacing character called Eric Bristow as JED NOVICH found out . . .

The atmosphere is dark and claustrophobic. The smoke hangs heavy in the air like clouds about to break. The noise builds and builds and builds — then silence. A large man walks onto the stage and throws three objects at a brightly coloured circular board. Bang, bang, bang. "One hunderdred and eeigghhtteeeee." The place erupts.

Darts. A strange sport. To some a sport populated by oversized pub yobs, to others, it's the habitat of 'magnificent athletes.' The best, if not the biggest, is Eric Bristow. No one's in any doubt that he's the best, and if they are, well, Eric puts them right. Bang, bang, bang.

"To say he is a legend is an understatement. He is a colossus that bestrides the sport of darts." — Bristow's press release.

Is this the same Bristow that fills column inch after column inch with rent-a-quote opinions on anything that moves — and a few things that don't. The same Bristow with glass in his hand after trying to bottle someone when he was a kid? The same Bristow who's saying "No" to a drink at 3.00 in the afternoon?

So what do you expect? A darts slob, a loudmouth lout — all gut and gob? Meeting Bristow is quite different to meeting other celebrities. There's none of the "Keep your distance, I'm a star", or the nauseating "Hi, how are you?" greeting more befitting a long lost brother than a potentially hostile journalist. Our Eric knows what he's there for, what we're there for, and that no one can touch him — he's Eric Bristow. At 29, he's five times World Masters holder, five times World Champion, and the youngest ever England international at the tender age of 17. There are a few other things he's won, and if this magazine had a second volume it would list them.

We met him in his club in Stoke, called, appropriately enough, 'The Crafty Cockney'. And from the doormat to the fire exit, there's no doubt about whose place it is or what he does. A mass of trophies and framed photos stare down from the walls, whilst the carpet is decorated with a motif of a hand throwing a dart — complete with characteristic cocked finger. The crowning glory is the huge Union Jack that gazes down from the ceiling of the main room.

The first thing to get out of the way is the obvious question. The question that burns deep in the heart of every innocent bystander. Why are darts players so fat! Eric? "Yeah, it's the TV that does that. I was on TV last weekend and I don't know what it is, it just ballons your face out, shows all my four chins. Maybe it's just the camera angles, but sometimes I look at myself and think, 'Jesus Christ, look at that. Might as well go home.' You look about 20-25 stone sometimes. But it's funny, every exhibition I go to, they say 'God, you've lost weight'." But, come on, the perennial pint, that waddle to and from the ochie . . . darts players are fat. "OK, I don't think you'll ever get rid of that reputation, you know what I mean? We do drink beer. What's the point of saying we don't, we like a drink. People say if you drink you're not a sportsman, but I don't know. A lot of it's jealousy, I suppose. Either way, I don't think you'll ever get rid of that.

"But what people don't realize is that darts is a pub sport. Play-

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ers start off in pubs, playing with their friends, joining leagues, and all that. So obviously when you carry on you still drink beer. But not too much, otherwise you'd fall over. You wouldn't be able to see the dart boards properly. One thing that gets me is that people always go on about the beer, but forget we walk about ten miles up there."

Sorry? Ten miles? "Yeah, I do ten, fifteen miles up and down that frigging dartboard. You ask the man in the street who doesn't play darts to walk for two hours throwing darts — the next morning his arm will kill him. Just there. But exercise? No, you can keep it. It's all right these guys going around with all them muscles, but what happens when they stop? What's the point of running ten miles a day if you've got to carry on for the rest of your life? I don't see the point."

Eric started throwing the arrows at the tender age of 11. His father, a good club player, encouraged him and soon the young Bristow was in his local club team. "I was tall and he was the captain of the team, so I got in easy enough. When I was 15 I knew I was good. Top dog in north London." From there to here was easy enough for the top dog as well. He's widely regarded as the probable first darts millionaire. "I'd say the most I get from prize money is about 50 grand. Yeah, about 50 grand from TV tournaments, but that's not enough to keep you going, is it?"

"Women are not supposed to be as good as men at anything. That's the way it is, mate. Law of the jungle."

A bit of a wind up comment, that one. I think. C'mon, it's not bad for a good working class lad from Stoke Newington, is it? "Yeah, I know. But you look at some of these snooker tournaments. Pay 50 grand for one tournament. And tennis . . . but no, we earn superb."

The 'real' money comes through exhibitions for which he gets "around a grand a night, a grand or maybe more" and sponsorship. Often, the exhibitions are linked to sponsors. "When I was first with my manager, I used to average about 60,000 miles a year which is a lot of bloody miles. He'd pick up the dog and bone, say yes, and off we'd go. But now we only do about 30,000 miles, which is enough. That's what kills me though, the travelling. Now if I had one of those little things, "Beam me up Scotty", I'd be all right. I'd have one of them tomorrow. Great. Beam me up, stick me in Newcastle.

"I live well now, but I've never been flash. Never had a flash house, a flash car. This is a flash club, but it's Maureen's. She designed it. No I'm not a poseur, never have been. Some of them wear big flash rings, all jewels, a ring on each finger. No, there's no need to be a poseur, is there? I like sitting in the bar with the lads, I like playing darts."

Maureen, incidentally, is Maureen Flowers, ex British Womens' Champion and Eric's long time friend. Marriage? "No point." Fair enough.

It's not just because Bristow is 'a legend' that he's paid so well. It's not because he's a 'colossus' either. It's because he's got a mouth. And he uses it. One of his favourite subjects is London. What do you think of London, Eric?

"London? It's a joke. What's there? Trouble, that's all there is . . . it's just a rip off, they take the piss. Nothing but trouble. My mum got mugged there the other week. In London you're always standing up against the wall, ain't you. Get you from behind."

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BOARD
OFFICIAL

For a lad who's universally known as 'The Crafty Cockney', all this seems a bit much. "Yeah, well, I'll be the Crafty Potter now, from the Potteries. There's nothing back there, wouldn't go back, honest. It's all right up here, no problem. A few years ago it was bad, they were on a three day week and that, but then Charles and Di got married and that was it. Thank you very much. People in London don't realize that up here that's a breadline. They do all the plates and send them abroad and earn a fortune. Then the little ones comes along and they're off again.

"Took me a bit getting used to it. They'd say what's the matter with you? You want to do everything in five minutes. Up here everyone takes their time which is nice. It's a rat race, London. Time's money and that's all it is. Na, brilliant up here, would never go back, no chance. Anyway, Maureen and the kids are up here and obviously they don't want to go to London."

Most of the Bristow motormouth though is less serious. "Most things are just a spur of the moment thing. You've just won this tournament — or just lost — and there's this geezer sticking a microphone under you nose. Like when I played the MFI singles this year and got beaten by Steve Brennan. I said he played well, but they kept pushing and pushing it, so I snapped a bit and said that I was sick of losing to wallies. That got in all the papers, that did. I got more publicity for saying that than I would have if I had won the tournament."

That made you popular with the other players, I bet. "They don't pay my wages." But what about the tabloid stuff, the stuff that reputations (and sponsorship deals) are made of? "I don't like being two faced. If I think something I say it. A lot of it's because simply I don't like losing. Anything I do, I like to win."

Are you a good loser? "I think a good loser's a loser. Show me a good loser and I'll show you a mug."

Do you win with dignity? "I'll say. Best winner there is, if you lose it's not the other fella's fault, it's your own fault."

There's another side to Bristow, a side that never gets huge screaming headlines. For example, he's chairman of a local multiple sclerosis society. "There's a lady round here who runs the Staffordshire darts and she's not very well. She's had multiple sclerosis and now she's got lung cancer." He does other charity work too: "We done about 8 or 9 exhibitions for the local hospital because they were short of beds. It was great, very nice. They stuck the name on them, little plaque. Lovely." There is also a fund for training blind dogs and a bank account for cancer relief. But that's not really the Eric Bristow you know and love, is it? No. But this is.

"I don't like people coming round with boxes. Don't trust them. Seen too much of it in London. They come in the pub with a box, go out with a few quid and they've got a drink for the night. Anything we do round here goes straight in the bank. The more hands it passes through, the less it gets. Like all this bloody save the world job, isn't it? Geezer driving lorries over there earning bloody fortunes. It's all a con. We want to save our own before we save the world.

"They all want to run their own countries, so we let them run their countries and then we have to go in and save them. It's not right."

"Charity begins at home. Nah, don't believe in all that crap. They're overpopulated, all they do is breed like flies and we've got to go in and bloody save them. Don't agree with it, that's my opinion. They all want to run their own countries, so we let them run their countries and then we have to go in and save them. It's not right."

Yeah, that's more like Eric Bristow.

Any heroes? "My man was Ali, my man was. Could have met him when he was over here. Didn't bother though, didn't want to see him. He wasn't the man that he was. I didn't want to see him like that. The thing with Ali was that he'd talk about it, but then he'd do it. Talk's easy, anyone can talk. But doing it . . . I tell you what though, this other boxer, he's some kind of fruitcake, this Tyson. He'd have killed Ali, I tell you. I wouldn't go near him even with a baseball bat 'cos if I missed with the first swing I'm liable to get my head smashed in. I've heard stories that he used to mug people, that sort of thing."

Talking of which, Eric had a bit of a reputation. "Well, we've all done things in the past. It's London, ain't it? It's a funny place, you get involved with the wrong people, or you just want to be one of the lads, don't you?"

Rumour has it that the Bristow hand still has some glass in it after he tried to bottle someone. "Well, no, I didn't try to do it, I did do it. There's a scar there and it's a bit numb. But I don't talk about that. That was a long time ago and it's the kind of thing you wish you could go back and rectify."

What do you do outside darts? I play darts, snooker, anything for money. Played a bit of golf recently, played all right" Anything else? Music?

"Bob Marley, mate, he was my man. Everyone I like either dies or gets done in. When we was in Jamaica we were going round to see his grave, but we never did go because there's too many Rastas round there and they reckon it's a bit dodgy for the white man to go there. Rastafarians all smoking dope, they reckon, all the year round, singing to him. Can't hear them, the geezer, can't hear them. They're a bit loopy, but he's God to them, isn't he?

"We found a dead body. Second day we was there we found a dead body on the beach. Frightened the life out of me." A fresh body? "Fresh enough, mate, I tell you. We was walking on the beach, myself, Maureen and Dick (his manager), and this kid's floating on the rocks. I said he's dead he is. Dick said he's swimming. I said swimming my arse, he's brown bread he is. So we pull him out of the water, and he's got a little cut on his head. This is true, this is. I see his clothes along the beach so I thought I'll find out who he is and tell the police. So I walk up to these clothes and then these three coloured heads pop over this bush. All sorts of things are running through your mind. So I said to Maureen 'Let's get out of here'. So we're walking back and this great big guy comes, he must be bigger than me, well, and he's with his mate and he goes 'What the matter, man. Dead bo' frighten you?' I said

continued from previous page

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY MORGAN

'No problem mate, I'm all right, no problems.' Anyway, we told the police and they said yeah we know about him, we've been told about him.

"Kingston, Jamaica. Great place, never go there again. We played an exhibition there and there's lizards running across the dart board. They said 'Are you coming back next year?' I said 'Course I will mate, I'll be there.' Great place. Didn't like Brazil either."

So what's wrong with Brazil? "There's nothing there. You've got the Sugar Loaf Mountain and Christ and that's it. Nothing else." Some people would be quite content to see Christ, never mind a mountain, but there you are.

As regards the game, Eric would like to try and get women involved a bit more. After all, Maureen was world number one for over five years. "They've tried it and the women play brilliant on the floor, but you put them on stage and it's different. There's no physical reason whey they shouldn't be able to play, but I suppose it's the same as everthing else. Women are not supposed to be as good as men at anything. That's the way it is, mate. Law of the jungle.

"It would be good for the game like the women at Wimbledon. They're not as good as the men, but you find all the women watching it. Same thing would happen in darts. Mind you, the first Butlin's Grand Masters Maureen was invited to play and John Lowe murdered her. She played all right, but the men didn't like it. It could be different now. It used to be that all the women used to go up there and they'd look like boxers, you know. Now, some of them are nice and slim." No his and hers beer gut? "Yeah, that's it. No beer gut. Looks bad on a man, but on a woman . . . Jesus Christ."

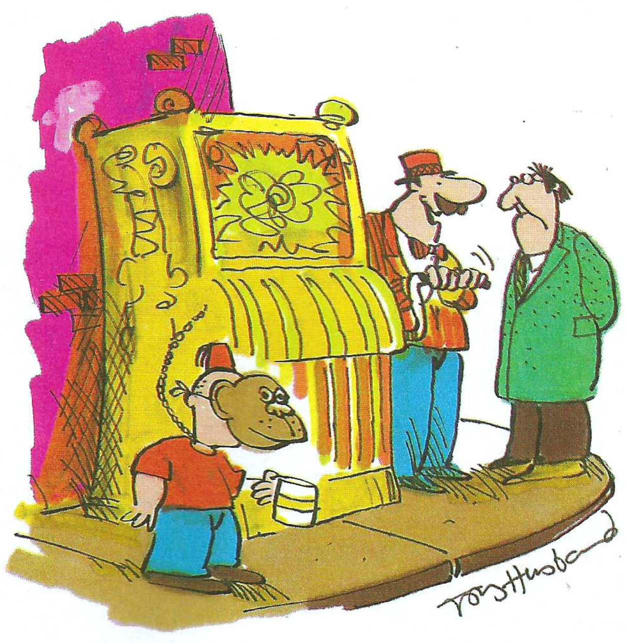
"If you start earning too much, the tax man just takes it."

By his own admission, Bristow hasn't got much left in the way of unfulfilled ambitions. The main driving force seems to be: "the will to win. There's also a few other players that I don't like, so I don't want them winning."

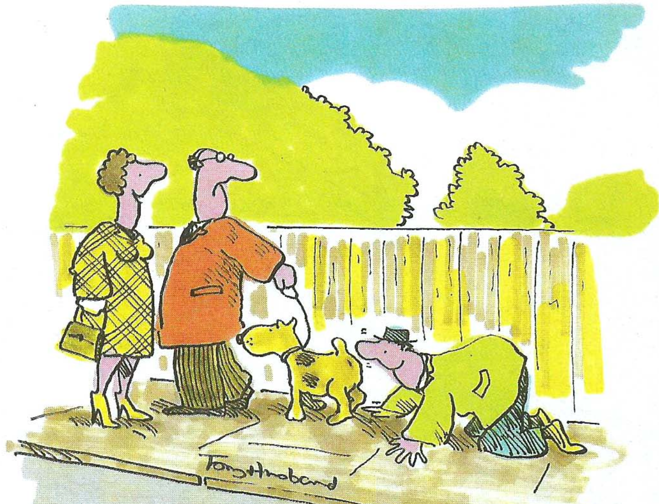
Aha. Other players. There should be some mileage there. "John (Lowe), he's the same as me, good luck to him. Know what I mean . . . Bob (Anderson), he thinks he's the bees knees, don't he? But, no, I like Bob. Very nice fella . . Jocky (Wilson) was a great player a few years back, but he's done better recently than I thought. We do exhibitions together in Scotland, play for about two and half grand. Have some great nights. They're nutty, them Jocks are."

Nothing very controversial there. Maybe our Eric is getting a bit tired of all that. Maybe he just doesn't need it. He's got money — "I've got enough. Who wants to be the richest man in Staffordshire? If you start earning too much, the tax man just takes it. No, I'll just plod along on a couple of hundred thousand a year. Ten years of that will do." He's got love — Maureen, he's got health — well, he looks healthy, and he's got his club, a sanctuary where he's surrounded by his people, his friends, where he doesn't have to pretend to be anything, and where he doesn't have to be 'Eric Bristow — darts slob/gob,' he can just be a nice enough bloke.

The last word. "I tell you mate, I'm the luckiest man in the world. I'm paid a hell of a lot of money to do what I love doing. I love going up there, killing people, winning. You can't buy that feeling. Love it."

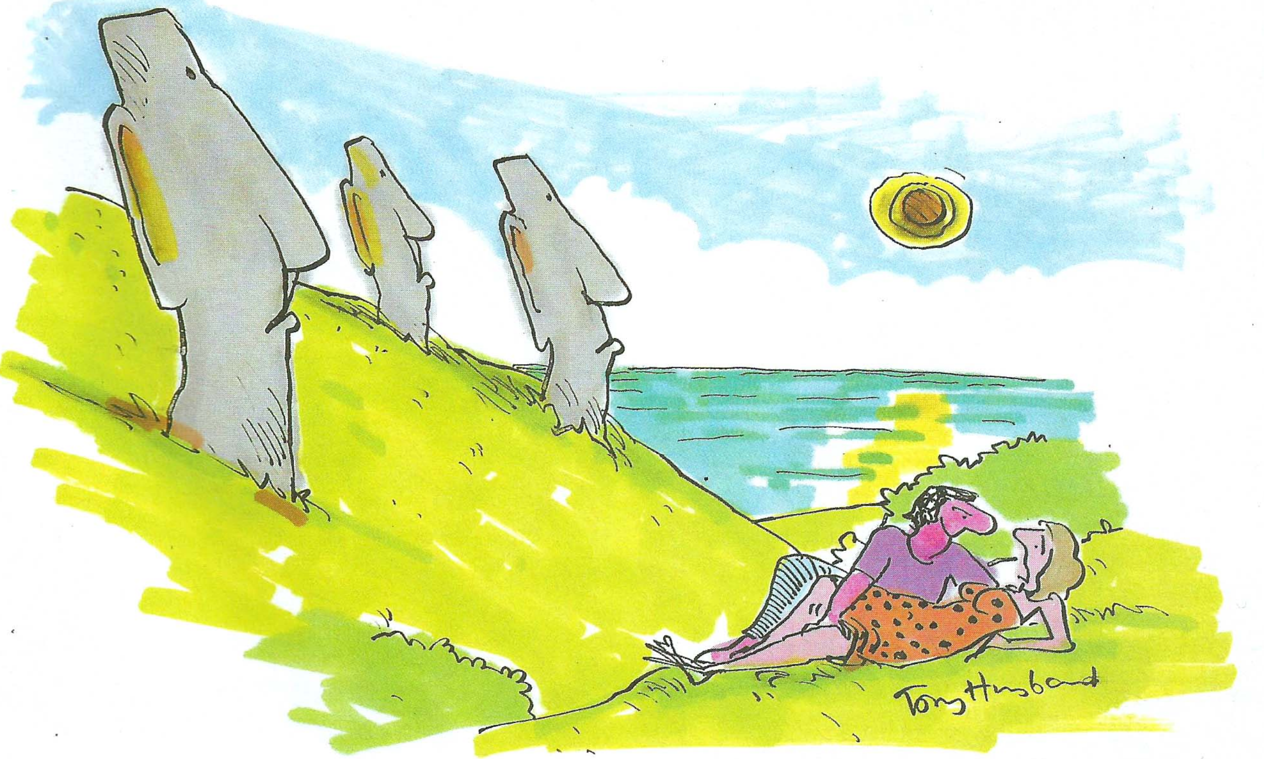


"I got him on a Youth Training Scheme."



"You'll have to excuse my husband — he was brought up by wolves."

LAUGH WITH Tony Husband



"Not here. I feel as though we're being watched."

Laura-Jo

Californian cuties always win a place in our hearts (and, of course, in our mag) and, we must admit, Laura-Jo is one of the cutest we've encountered. Mix a tan with a figure as firm and lithe as Laura-Jo's and you have both the Editor and his Assistant dribbling into their word-processors. Disgusting though this habit may be, we can understand their crazed expressions of lust . . : Laura-Jo, you may wish to know, has a wonderfully original way of keeping herself in shape; we have been assured that she is in fact founder/president of LANRSC. Que? Los Angeles Nude Roller Skating Club — what else?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED HOLZMAN

MYLEC

FASHION

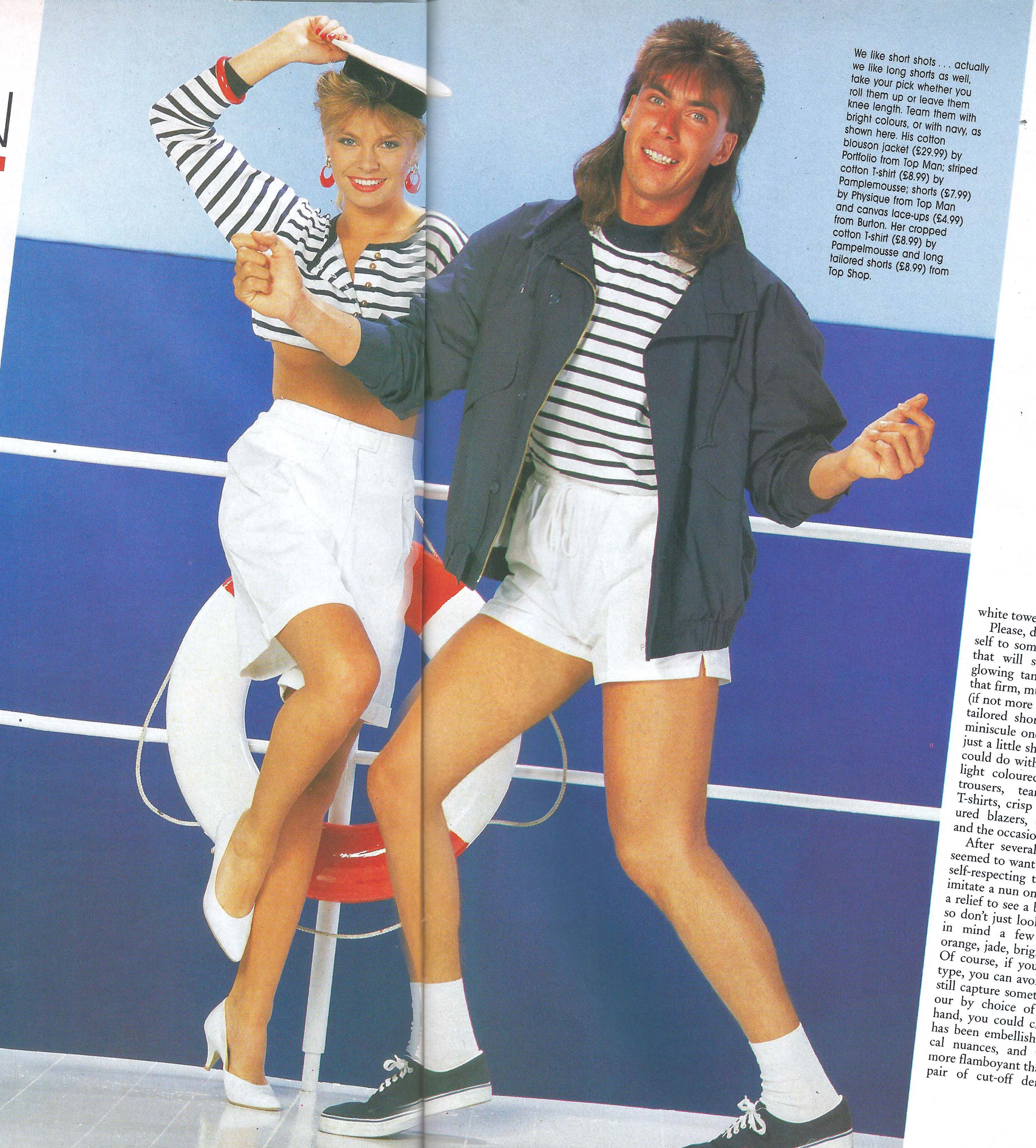
Great news guys. July is guaranteed to be hot, so there's no excuse. Shorts on, striped T-shirts at the ready – it's time to get nautical, according to ISOBEL FLAIR.

Now I'm not pretending that this is anything earth-shatteringly new, because it's not. Every summer, come hell or high water (how apt) retailers up and down the country put their necks on the block and buy rails and rails of navy and white and pray for a reasonable summer.

Now we're not a very demanding lot in Britain. By reasonable we mean, preferably, not raining. Perhaps even the odd glimmer of sunshine every now and again – it's not asking much. Well, I think I may have some good news, sometime between going to press and October there is going to be a heatwave. I have it on good authority (the rooks are nesting high again – the last time was probably 1976).

So, what I'm getting round to say, in a rather rambling sort of way, is that the weather looks favourable for The Nautical Look. And since this is supposed to be the era of The New Man, it would be nice to see some ship-shape sailors on the beaches and promenades this summer!

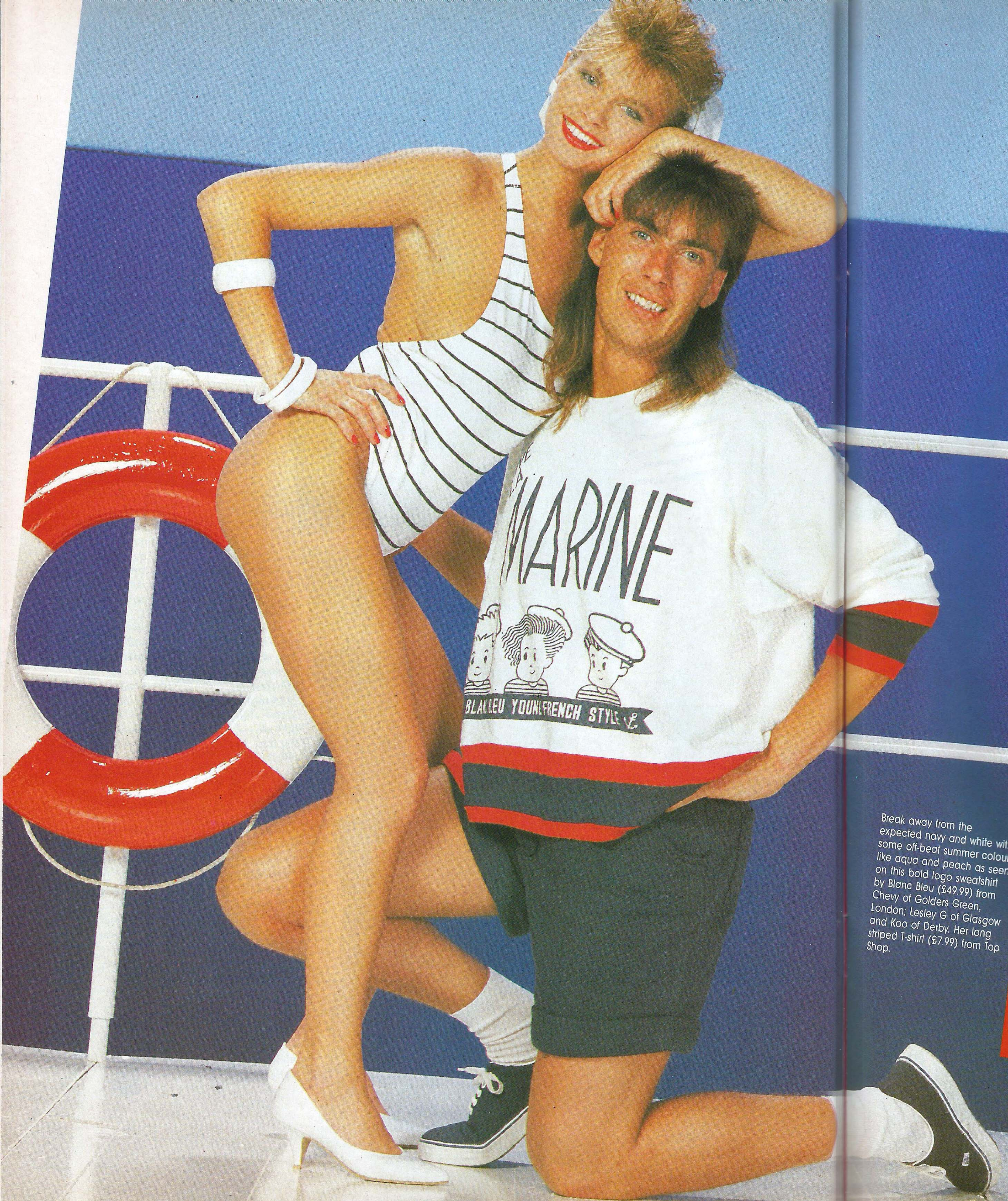
I beg you, resist the temptation when packing for those fun-filled weeks in the sun to dig out your old school running shorts. Don't try and deny it, you know the ones I mean, the grey-white nylon jobs with the frayed red trim and nasty matching shrunken T-shirt. Have you any idea how revolting you look in them? Especially if you insist on keeping on those white towelling socks and slip-on shoes!



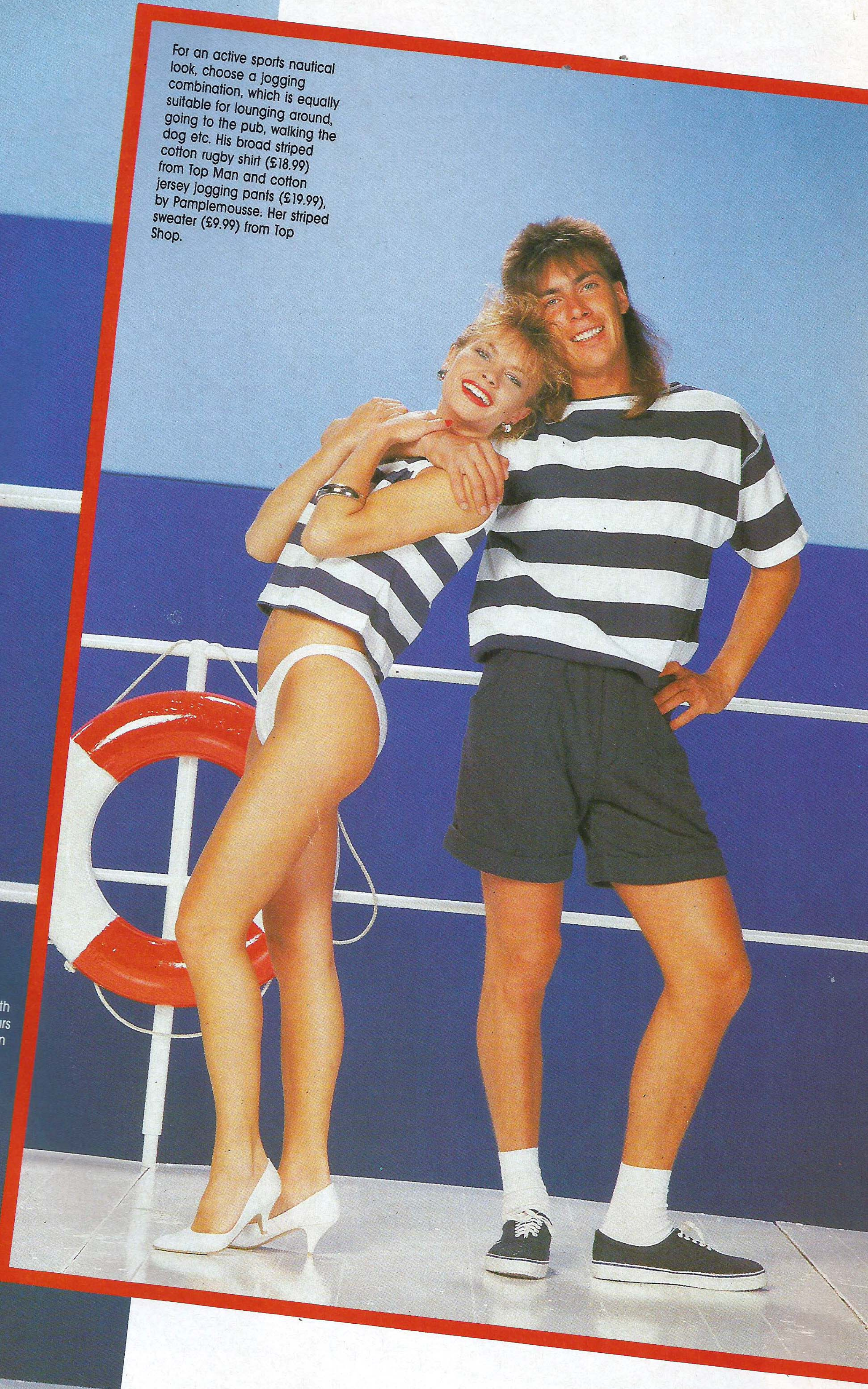
We like short shots . . . actually we like long shorts as well, take your pick whether you roll them up or leave them knee length. Team them with bright colours, or with navy, as shown here. His cotton blouson jacket (£29.99) by Portfolio from Top Man; striped cotton T-shirt (£8.99) by Pamplemousse; shorts (£7.99) by Physique from Top Man and canvas lace-ups (£4.99) from Burton. Her cropped cotton T-shirt (£8.99) by Pampelmousse and long tailored shorts (£8.99) from Top Shop.

Please, do us all a favour and treat yourself to something bright, white and crisp, that will show off your smooth, even, glowing tan to perfection! Bear in mind that firm, muscular thighs look just as sexy (if not more so) when hidden beneath long tailored shorts than when squeezed into miniscule ones. Alternatively, if the tan is just a little short of perfect, and the thighs could do with a touch more work, choose light coloured, full cut cotton or linen trousers, teamed with vests, outsize T-shirts, crisp cotton shirts and unstructured blazers, depending on your mood and the occasion.

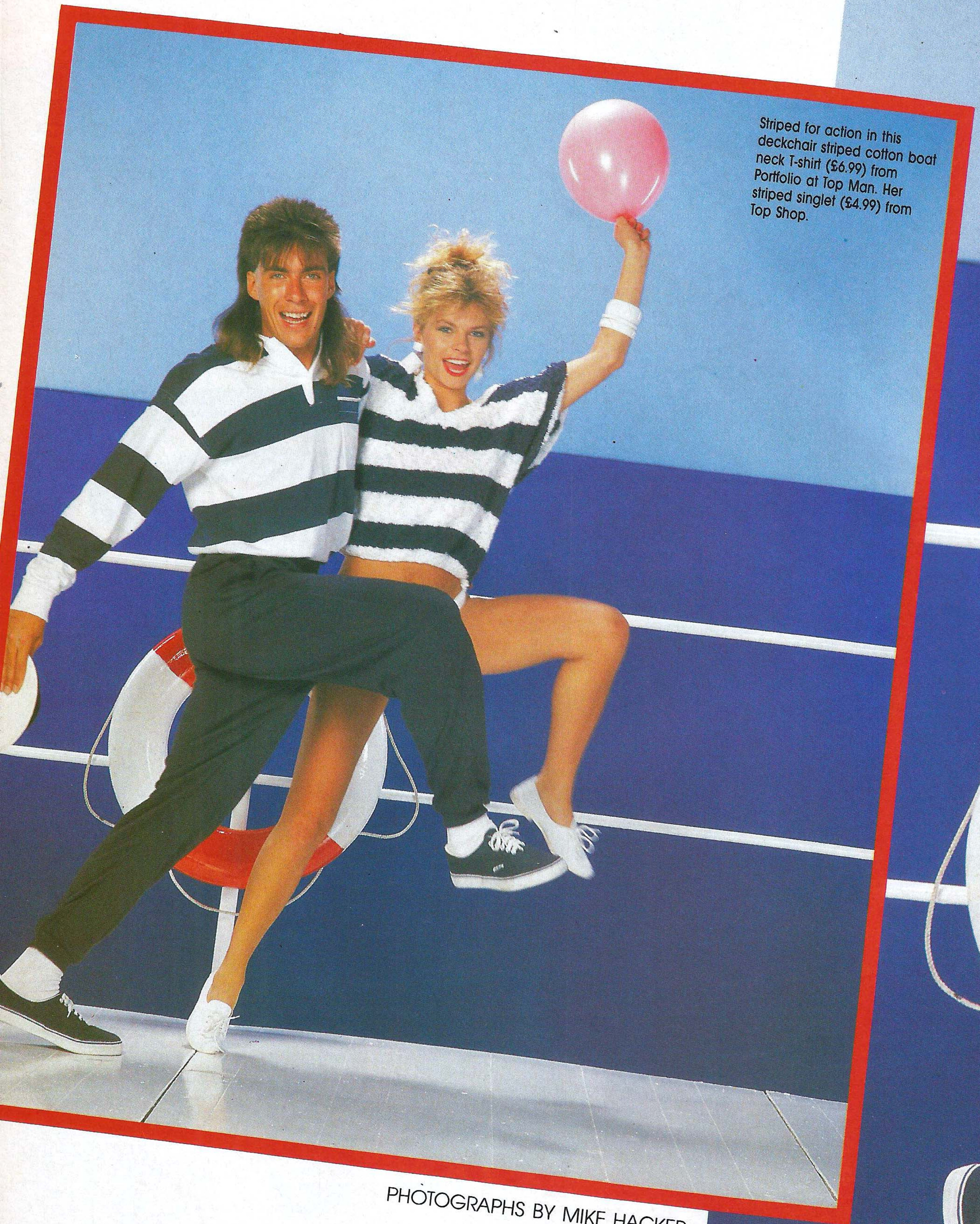
After several seasons when all anyone seemed to want to wear was black and any self-respecting trendy strived earnestly to imitate a nun on a bad day, it will be quite a relief to see a bit of colour this summer, so don't just look for navy stripes – bear in mind a few other bold tones like orange, jade, bright yellow and royal blue. Of course, if you're just not the matelot type, you can avoid stripes altogether, but still capture something of the seaside flavour by choice of colour. On the other hand, you could choose a sweatshirt that has been embellished with suitably nautical nuances, and team it with nothing more flamboyant than your favourite pair of cut-off denims.



Break away from the expected navy and white with some off-beat summer colours like aqua and peach as seen on this bold logo sweatshirt by Blanc Bleu (£49.99) from Chevy of Golders Green, London; Lesley G of Glasgow and Koo of Derby. Her long striped T-shirt (£7.99) from Top Shop.

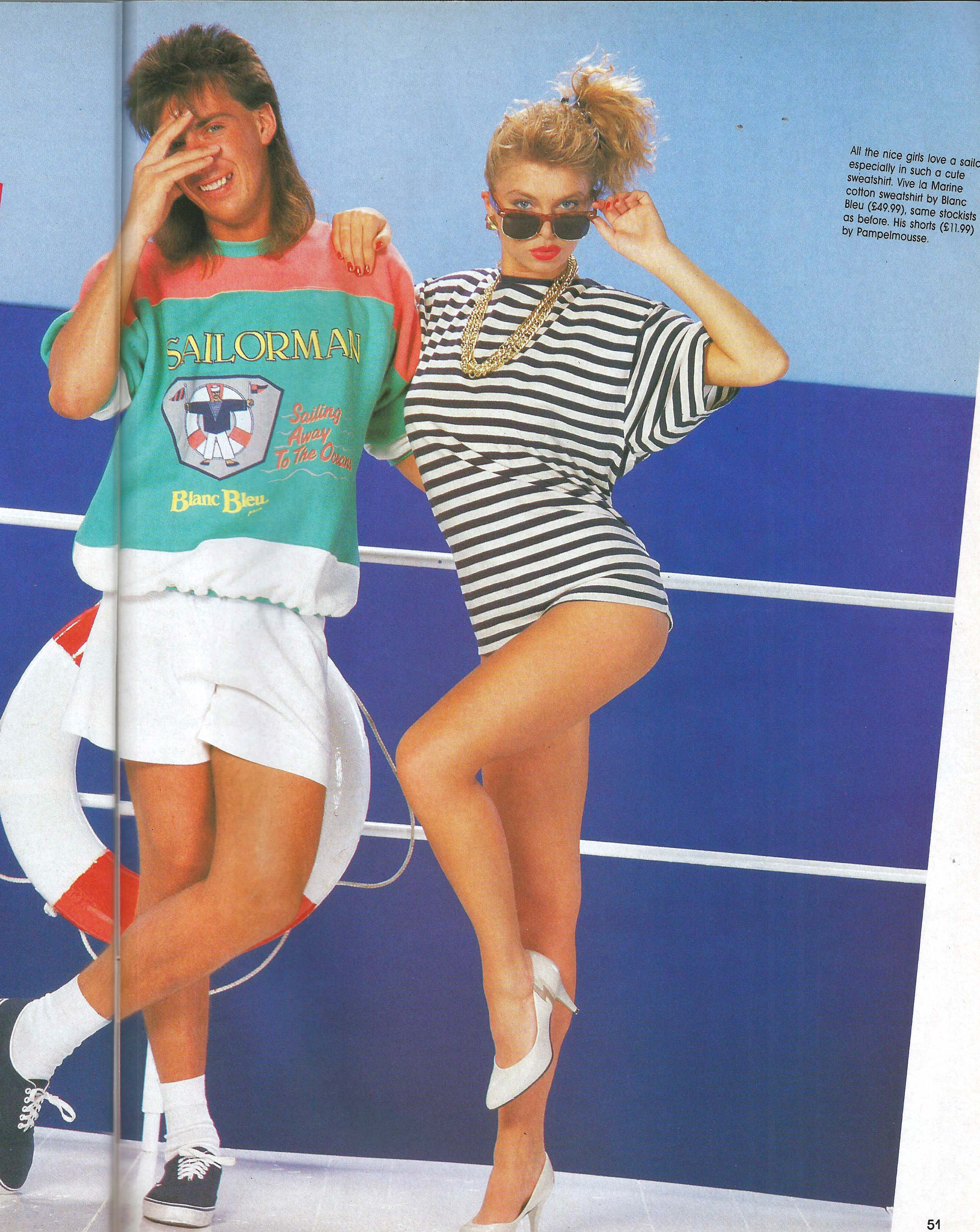


For an active sports nautical look, choose a jogging combination, which is equally suitable for lounging around, going to the pub, walking the dog etc. His broad striped cotton rugby shirt (£18.99) from Top Man and cotton jersey jogging pants (£19.99), by Pamplemousse. Her striped sweater (£9.99) from Top Shop.



Striped for action in this deckchair striped cotton boat neck T-shirt (£6.99) from Portfolio at Top Man. Her striped singlet (£4.99) from Top Shop.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE HACKER

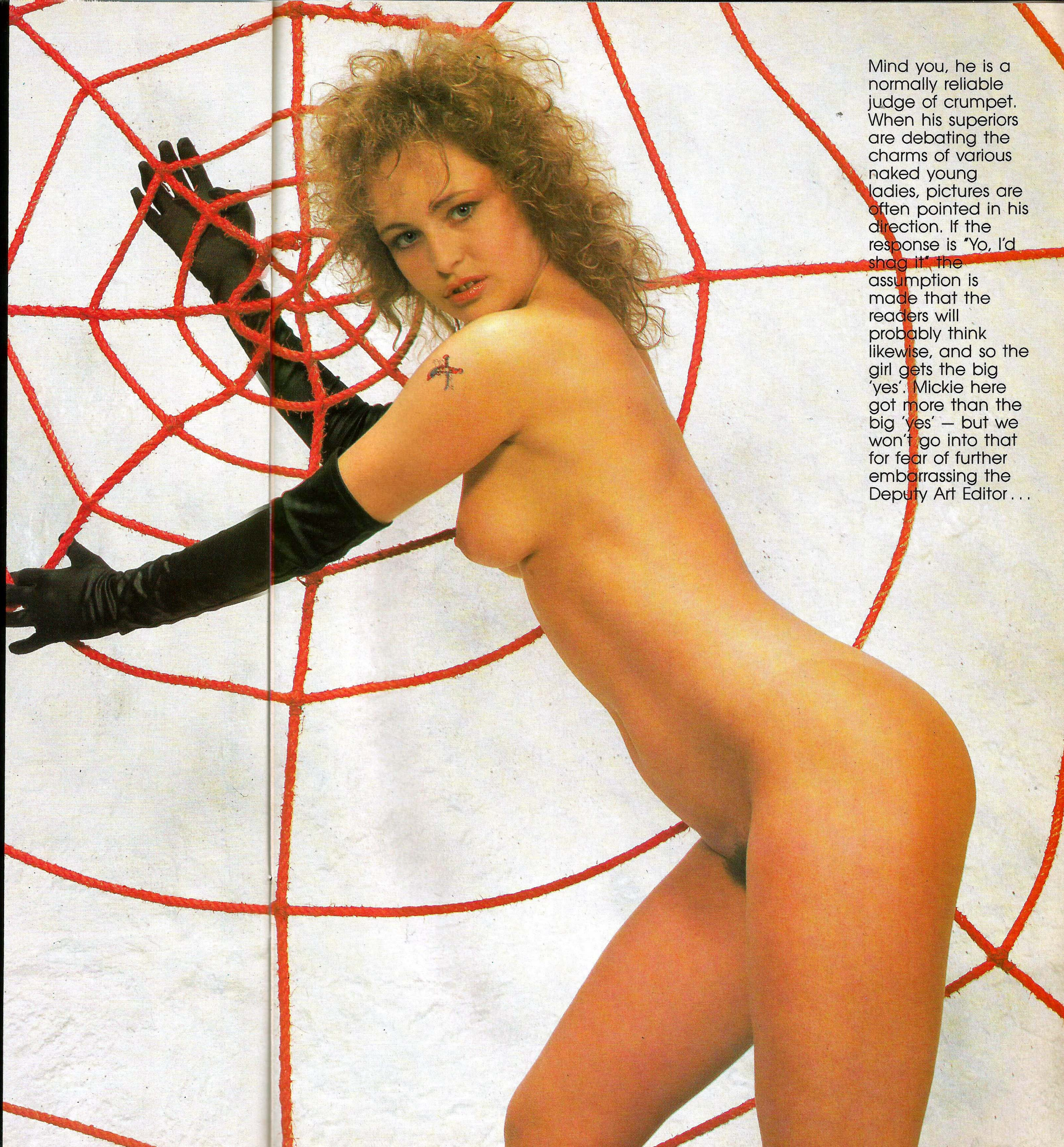

SAILORMAN
Sailing Away To The Ocea
Blanc Bleu

All the nice girls love a sailo especially in such a cute sweatshirt. Vive la Marine cotton sweatshirt by Blanc Bleu (£49.99), same stockists as before. His shorts (£11.99) by Pampelmousse.

MICKIE

This has to be the very first time that a member of the editorial staff has expressed an urge to be a fly. The Deputy Art Editor is the pervert in question, he was so taken by the many charms of Mickie (not least that she was the first person he has met since joining us who could understand his accent) that he spent the whole day babbling "I'd like to be trapped in her web" and similar ridiculous statements.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVE ANTONY



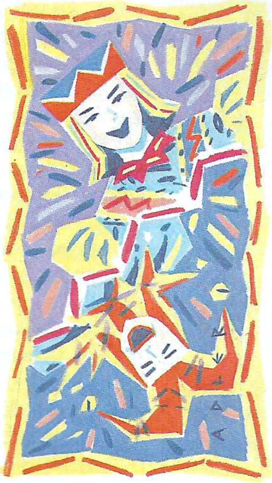
Mind you, he is a normally reliable judge of crumpet. When his superiors are debating the charms of various naked young ladies, pictures are often pointed in his direction. If the response is "Yo, I'd shag it" the assumption is made that the readers will probably think likewise, and so the girl gets the big 'yes'. Mickie here got more than the big 'yes' — but we won't go into that for fear of further embarrassing the Deputy Art Editor . . .

MICKIE

KNAVE

JOKER

That joke you heard in the pub last night could get you a crisp blue fiver. Send your funnies to: Knave Plays Joker, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



WHAT DO YOU call a deer with no eyes?

No idea.

• • •

THE YOUNG MAN had been staying at the holiday camp for several days without much success with the girls.

'You have to be more direct in your approach,' counselled his friend. 'Come right out and ask them for it.'

That evening in the bar, the young man approached a very attractive holidaymaker. 'I'm a man of few words,' he said, 'will you or won't you, yes or no?'

'Whose chalet, yours or mine?' she asked.

If you're going to argue about it,' he replied, 'forget it!'

• • •

THE WELL STACKED blonde sat ridigly in the dentist's chair. She gripped the armrests with white knuckled fingers. 'I dread having my teeth filled,' she moaned. 'I'd almost rather have a baby.'

Replied the dentist: 'Make up your mind Miss. Which shall it be? I have to adjust the chair.'

• • •

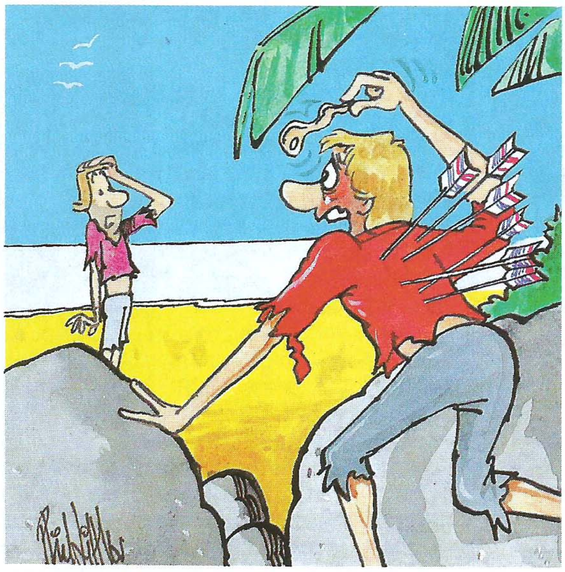
THE SNOW LAY crisp and deep as the young lad returned with the girl from next door from an evening on the town. Fondling her goodnight at the front door he felt the urge to relieve himself.

Giggling, the young lady suggested he do it on the wide expanse of virgin snow that covered the front lawn, indeed she suggested he make patterns.

The lad had drunk so much that she had to help him undo his trousers.

Next morning, the lad's father was accosted by his neighbour: 'Your son's peed him name on my damn lawn, right in the centre for everyone to see.'

'I can't see anything very wrong in that,' replied the lad's father. Lots of young chaps get taken short after a night out and as for peeing his name – well, it shows commendable initiative and muscular control.'



TWO MEN WERE shipwrecked on a desert island. After weeks without eating, one man said: "What are we starving for? Let's go over to that bacon tree and get some bacon."

"There's no bacon tree on this island," said the second.

"There is," insisted the first. "I'll go and prove it." He stamped off to the other side of the island. The following day he staggered back with spears and arrows bristling out of his body. "You were right," he said. "That was no bacon tree. It was a hambush."

'Up to a point, I agree, old man,' replied the other, 'but it's in my daughter's handwriting!'

• • •

AT THE FANCY dress ball one particular well-endowed girl wore a gown in the form of a map of the world.

A young man, enchanted by her charms approached her and crouched in front of her. With his index finger he started to trace up from the hem of her gown.

'What on earth are you doing?' asked the embarrassed girl.

'I'm looking for my home town,' answered the man.

• • •

DID YOU HEAR about the man who thought that Rugby was a sport played by men with odd shaped balls?

• • •

AND THEN THERE was the time that the Fiesta Editor wanted to learn to ski, but he couldn't find a yoghurt carton big enough!

• • •

A WOMAN WAS walking down the street when she saw a bloke kicking a dog on a lead. Next to him was a sign saying, 'Help Stop Cruelty To Animals!'

'What's all this about, then?' she asked.

'It's simple enough,' replied the boke. 'You give me a quid and I stop kicking the dog.'

JONES CAME HOME to find Smith in bed with his wife. Upset, he dashed around to Mrs Smith and told her what he had seen.

'Don't worry,' said Mrs Smith, pulling down her knickers and lifting her skirt. 'Take your revenge.'

After a prolonged bout of lovemaking on the sofa, they rested over drinks. Ten minutes later, Mrs Smith suggested: 'Let's have some more revenge.'

Jones complied. Finally after another rest and more drinks, Mrs Smith enthusiastically enquired: 'Would you care for even more revenge, Mr Jones?'

'No thank you,' replied Jones, 'all my hard feelings seem to have disappeared.'

• • •

THE YOUNG COUPLE decided that fidelity was the prerequisite of a lasting marriage. They agreed that for ten years they would each keep a jar into which they would drop a grain of rice for each infidelity.

After the ten years, the wife opened her husband's jar and found nine grains. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'what a wonderful husband you are – you've only been unfaithful nine times.'

The husband opened his wife's jar to find a single grain. Surprised and pleased, he asked, 'Why is there only one grain here?'

Without thinking she replied: 'I got caught short for that rice pudding we had last night.'

• • •

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE between a plick and a plaque?

A plaque hangs on a wall, and a plick hangs between a Chinaman's legs.

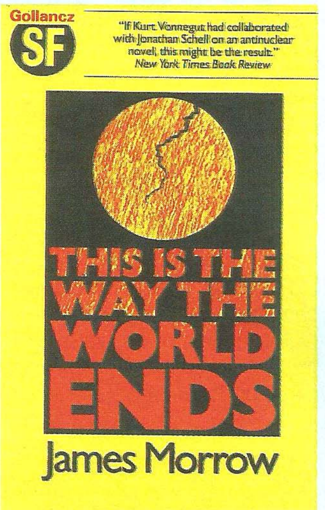
• • •

'DOCTOR, DOCTOR, I keep thinking that I'm Donald Duck.'

'It's nothing serious. You're just having Disney spells.'

JOKER

Book Of The Month


Gollancz
SF
"If Kurt Vonnegut had collaborated with Jonathan Schell on an antinuclear novel, this might be the result."
New York Times Book Review
THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS
James Morrow

It's weird when it gets too personal. When it's hard to tell what you think of a book.

This Is The Way The World Ends by James Morrow *(Gollancz, £10.95)* is a book that's my book of the month! I think it's brilliant, and beautiful, and *right*. Most of my friends and fellow members of the reviewers' underground seem to have found it impossible to finish. And I don't know whether I liked it so much because it's good, or because it's personal. To explain . . .

George Paxton is a carver of epitaphs in the America of 1995; a happy, small-town man with a wife and a daughter. Fashion endorses SCOPAS suits – self-contained suits that are meant to protect the wearer from the dangers of nuclear war – and Paxton wants one for his four year-old daughter, Holly. He can't afford it, but is offered a free suit by some strange black-blooded people, in return for his signing a document admitting his share of guilt, as a passive citizen, should nuclear war occur. And it does.

And Paxton finds himself in Antarctica with the five remaining living humans, on trial for their lives, the trial being held by the black-blooded legions of the 'unadmitted' – the descendants of the living who would now never exist. George stands accused in the name of all those people who never lifted a finger to stop nuclear war.

And all George wants is to regain his fertility, and have a baby to replace Holly, his dead daughter.

This is the Way the World Ends is an anti-nuclear novel, but a pragmatic and realistic one, if that is a plausible description of something that uses fantasy as its backdrop, that gives us the Unadmitted whose lives will never happen, and who climbed out of the glaciers to save the lives of scientists and generals and George in order to put them on trial for their lives. The tone reminds me of early Vonnegut, but it's less apathetic and fatalistic, more caring and more angry than Vonnegut ever was.

I think it's a remarkable and an important book. But maybe that's because it strikes a personal chord with me. After all, I've got a two year old daughter named Holly, and sometimes, just sometimes I worry about her, and about nuclear war. And I wish to God I didn't have to.

W.C.Gull

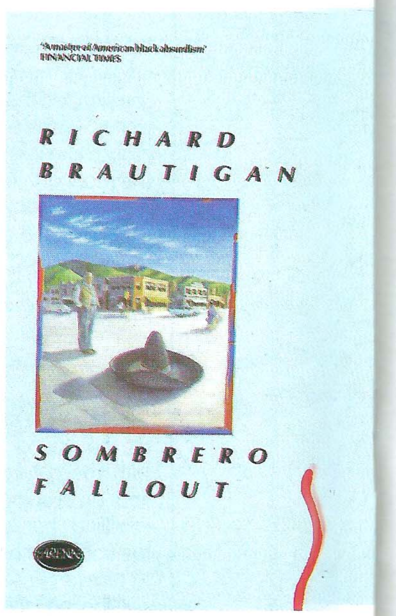
Books

It seems like Orton's everywhere. A few months back it was the release of the diaries. Then the Movie. Now the re-release of **Prick Up Your Ears** *(Penguin, £3.95)*, John Lahr's biography of Joe Orton and Kenneth Halliwell (the two intertwine) comes out in a new edition to tie in to the film. The front cover is a typographical erection, Oldman and Molina (the movie Orton and Halliwell) as balls. Lahr is a remarkable, perceptive writer (*Automatic Vaudeville* is my favourite book of criticism), and if he has made a career out of Orton, then he has done it well, and *Prick Up Your Ears* is undoubtedly the best book on the subject . . .

Orton's genius was in lambasting society's sacred cows; the sanctity of marriage and death, the properties of life and sex. In **The Last Election** *(Penguin, £3.95)* Pete Davies seems to be attempting much the same, with his portrait of a Britain run by the Money Party, dominated by ads, snooker, and a drug that makes people get old and fall apart. It's a boring book, combining the subtlety of Steve Bell with the political insight of Time Out's letters page. AHA! It is not SF; it is a scathing satirical attack on Britain today. OHO! We are all stupid mind-numbed snooker-watching nothings whose lives are being run by the Money Party and the Money People! There is no hope. There is no way out. The desire to tell the author to fuck off is irresistible. Do not buy this book.

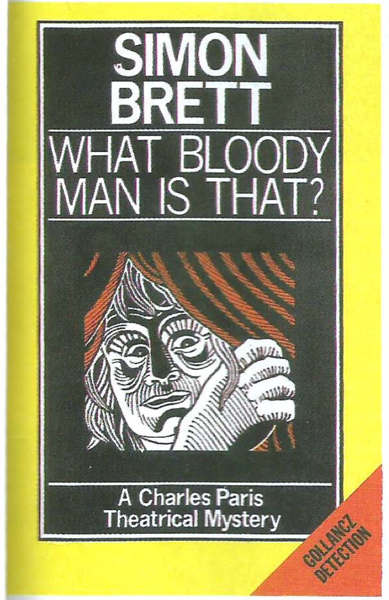
Cities On A Hill. A Journey Through Contemporary American Culture, by Frances Fitzgerald *(Picador, £4.50)* is a most remarkable book. One by one Ms FitzGerald examines the gay community of San Francisco, from the Seventies to today; Jerry Falwell's Lynchburg Moral Majority church, and the rise of the Moral Majority as a force for American right wing politics; Sun City, a retirement town in Florida where everybody's old; and the story of the Oregan-based Rajeshee commune. As a journalist FitzGerald is convincing and accurate: she tells you her prejudices and viewpoints, but also makes sure she gives you as balanced a view of the facts as she can. However, her conclusion seems less than satisfying.

Sombrero Fallout by the late Richard Brautigan *(Arena, £2.95)* is a book about a humourist whose Japanese girlfriend has just left him, while the torn pieces of paper that comprise his latest novel about a sombrero that falls from the sky, breed in the waste paper basket, tell the rest of the story. It's a slight work from a writer whose wide-eyed style was occasionally responsible for something brilliant, but as often wasn't. This isn't as good as, say, *The Hawkline Monster*.



High Tech Espionage by Jay Tuck *(Futura, £2.50)* ought to be interesting, dealing as it does with the Eastern attempt to buy, steal and smuggle Western Technology, and all of it being true. I got really bored. Sorry, I'm sure it's accurate and so forth; but something about the way it was written turned me off.

What Bloody Man Is That? *(Gollancz, £8.95)* is a Charles Paris Theatrical Mystery, in which a provincial rep performance of MacBeth is the scene of a murder.

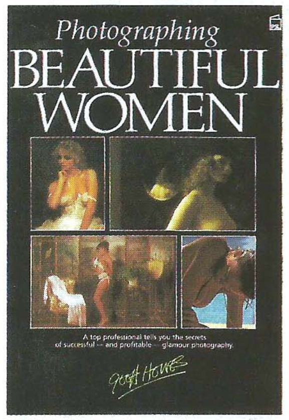


A Nice Class Of Corpse *(Macmillan, £7.95)* sets the murder in a seaside hotel, and with the redoubtable Mrs Pargeter, Brett gives us one of the most enjoyable detectives in recent years – someone quite capable of standing up there with Poirot and Marple. Really fun, and highly recommended.

A Warning to the Curious is a collection of M.R. James ghost stories *(Hutchinson, £9.95)*. It's introduced and selected by Ruth Rendell. The ghost stories of James, all hints and whispers, are about the best of their type. In the same way that Aikman, or Barker, or Tuttle are the foremost exponents of their particular branches of the horror genre. 'Oh Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad' has to be one of the scariest things ever written. It's a beautifully designed book, marred only by the publishers attempt to make it appear that Ruth Rendell was the author.

Simon Brett is a consummate writer. I don't usually read whodunnits – they can become an elaborate game between the author and the reader. But Brett always gives you your money's worth: literate, well plotted, and funny books.

Finally, **Photographing Beautiful Women** by Geoff Howes *(PSL, £12.95)* is an attractive book that really does tell you most of what you'd need to know about becoming a glamour photographer. The title's a bit euphemistic, though. Should read *Photographing Beautiful Women Who Aren't Wearing Anything.* And with that, I bid you farewell for another month . . .


Photographing
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
A top professional tells you the secrets of successful — and profitable — glamour photography.
Geoff Howes

W.C. Gull

Movies

If it hadn't been for that zany scorcher, *The Men's Club*, three other piccies richly merited top billing. First, **Foreign Body** stars Victor Banerjee, the Indian doctor in *A Passage to India*. He starts as a humble nightclerk in a Calcutta hotel which rents rooms at ten rupees an hour. (And never mind the prickly heat). More by luck than judgement, our shy lad wangles himself A Passage to England, where he commences his rise and rise. From toilet attendant to bus conductor to Harley street charlatan. His gentle and sensitive massages send mystical Oriental shivers up the spines of Sloane Rangers, *Cosmopolitan* cover-girls, and trendy Duchesses. Lots of jokes like this: Bus conductor to pretty passenger: "I bet you've got lots of boy-friends!" Reply: "Yes, but there's room for one more. Inside." It's a fun mix of Curry and winkles: a cut below *My Beautiful Laundrette* but several cuts above the Carry Ons.

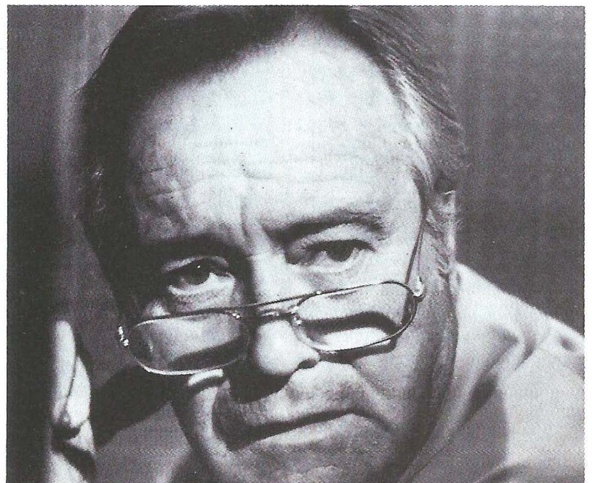
That's Life reminded me of *Duet For One*. But with more heart. Again the sparkling and practically perfect Julie Andrews must face the ultimate test: slow death. Has she or hasn't she the fatal disease? While she waits to hear, she must handle a husband who's teetering on the brink of a nervous breakdown, Other woman, stroppy in-laws, selfish children and all the flim-flam of being rich and smart in Beverly Hills. Will her composure snap? It's a smooth, plush, witty film, with Jack Lemmon on tip-top form as the hubby whose wisecracks crackle non-stop like his nerves.

Imminent death dominates another comedy, a cruder, crazier one, called **Bliss**. After a coronary gives him an eerie point-of death experience, an Aussie businessman seeks Wisdom and Truth. Alas, a circus elephant sits on his car. His wife has him committed. His product causes cancer. He falls for a hooker whose diet-fads set him planting honey-trees, one of which falls on his head and kills him, all over again. It's sad and hilarious. But, I'm glad to say, our hero does find true happiness, and fulfilling nookie, along the way.

Very quiet, very finesse *(Que? – Ed.)* is **A Great Wall**. Some California Chinese visit relatives in Peking. And a gentle clash of life-styles ends wistfully.

Eddie Hartley

Trick or Treat is a heavy metal horror movie intended by Hollywood producer Dino De Laurentiis as his answer to the popular *Halloween* and *Friday the 13th* series.



Marc Price portrays the nerdy Eddie, whose only friends are school wimp Roger (Glen Morgan) and possibly the girl-of-his-dreams, Leslie (Lisa Orgolia). Eddie's idol is Satanic rock star Sammi Curr (Tony Fields), and he is therefore all the more devastated when he learns that Sammi has been killed in a mysterious hotel fire.

He turns to a kindrid spirit, friendly radio DJ Norman 'Nuke' Taurog (a wasted cameo by Gene Simmons, bass player with Kiss), who gives the young fan the only copy of Sammi's last album, which he has already taped for broadcasting at the stroke of midnight on Halloween.

Retreating to his bedroom, Eddie plays the record backwards and discovers hidden messages from Sammi, who promises to help him exact revenge on his teenage tormentors.

Before long, the fire-scarred apparition of Sammi Curr materializes from the speaker system and promptly goes on a rampage of terror. With time running out, it is up to Eddie and his friends to stop the psychopathic phantom from giving one final super-charged performance at the High School dance and destroy the tape before the Witching Hour deadline . . .

Directed, by actor Charles Martin Smith (who also has a brief cameo under a mask), this is depressingly predictable stuff: none of the characters are in the slightest bit likeable – particularly Eddie, a loser with whom we are supposed to empathize – and only the scene where Sammi reaches into a television screen and kills a sanctimonius Reverend (a fun appearance by Ozzy Osbourne out of character) shows any imagination.

The first in a proposed series, it remains to be seen if Sammi Curr will rise from the ashes again, or whether *Trick or Treat* marks his supernatural swan-song. Personally, I'm betting on the latter!

Over the past few years, Hollywood film-makers have become obsessed with re-examining the Vietnam war. However, ***Platoon*** is a long way from those patriotic rewrites of history as popularized by Sylvester Stallone and Chuck Norris.

Writer/director Oliver Stone's award-laden film is based on his own experiences as an infantryman at the end of the 1960s, and its remarkable documentary-like style puts it closer to the director's own *Salvador* than a visceral *Apocalypse Now.*

The story unfolds through the eyes of a raw recruit, played by flavour-of-the-month actor Charlie Sheen, who gives a surprisingly powerful performance here. From the moment his plane touches down he is thrown in amongst a bunch of 'grunts' – the lowest of the low foot soldiers. His choice is simple: Adapt or Die.

For more than two hours (though you'd never know it), we watch this young man's growth as both a soldier and a human being through hell-on-earth. Despite the glossy images, Stone makes us feel that we're right there in the jungel with these disillusioned and often woefully unprepared troops.

Amongst the superb ensemble performances, William Defoe and an evil-looking Tom Berenger stand out as good and bad sergeants respectively, whose personal feud eventually takes on proportions that dwarf the war itself.

This is not a pretty film, the blood-and-guts violence is swift and shocking, but Stone makes sure that we really do care about his microcosm of characters.

Platoon is one of the best films of the year – a memorable and moving experience which stays with you long after you've seen it.

Stephen Jones

Movie Of The Month

After the press show of ***The Men's Club***, a group of us scribes retired to a nearby hostelry, to restore our shattered nerves. My old mates on the dailies gave me the distinct impression that they were going to slam this movie hip and thigh. For being vile, violent and vicious. And any words beginning with v. But if they have, ignore them all. Take my tip, and catch up with this brain-scorching, ball-tightening, can of worms. (Pardon my mixed metaphor).

I found *The Men's Club* vigorous, visceral and voluptuous. A hot contender for movie of the year. And I mean hot. A handful of rich Californians decide to get together to talk their emotional problems over. Either their wives left them, or haven't left them, or they can't communicate, or they never stop talking. A mixed bunch they are: a baseball coach, a nutty psychotherapist, a spoilsport professor, and three other normally crazy types. Since they're played by Roy Scheider, Harvey Keitel, and the like, you know the sparks will fly. Soon they're throwing knives around the lounge, shattering the psychiatrist's wife's favourite vases and paintings. She smacks him hard over the head with a heavy-duty wok, and with blood streaming down his face he explains to his buddies that she's feeling a bit tense, they'd better leave. So the shamefaced seven slope off to a Charge Card cat-house. Whose imaginative gimmicks include a ventriloquist's doll with a very surprising attachment. (See if you can guess ahead just what it is).

Our own dear Madam Cyn would never get by with motherly words and poached eggs out here. As the boys get hotted up, the fists and insults fly, the perfumed air turns purple with tears, tantrums, dares, put-downs, and practical jokes. How unlike us mild and honest English chaps. It's easy to see why so many well-brought-up American women treat their mere male as if he were some loony mixture of Peter Pan and King Kong. Your equivalent English fellow is staid and responsible and so safe that his lady love can just lie back and think of how best to redecorate the lounge. Whereas these guys either have no feelings higher than fuck-it-and-run, and my cock's bigger than your cock, or, when they try to sensitize themselves, they chatter away like a coven of old women. As if their only parental models for emotion were their mothers, not their dear old dads. Or so said my Freudian friend, who adored this film as the best study of sexual lunacy in the American male since the Kinsey Report. These guys aren't bad at heart, just hysterical all over.

Eddie Hartley

Videos

Well worth checking out this month is an action-packed star vehicle on the *EV* label, ***Armed Response***, which works out on screen rather better than this reviewer thought it looked on paper. Lee Van Cleef and David Carradine are the key figures in this vigilante type thriller, playing Korea veteran father Burt Roth and Vietnam veteran son Jim, who respectively prop up and run a bar in L.A.'s China Town, with a second son, Tommy, also involved in the venture.

The only one of the family who isn't in the clan business is the third son, Clay, who's a private eye. He and his partner are given the task of exchanging a large quantity of cash for a statue on behalf of a second rate Chinese mob boss who needs the jade sculpture in order to stop an impending Tong war in which his side stands to be exterminated. But the exchange goes wildly wrong when Clay's partner pulls a double cross, leading to a bloodbath in which Clay is mortally wounded.

In an effort to retrieve his money and statue, the gang boss has his cronies torture Tommy to death, at which stage Jim and Dad go to the wardrobe and dig out (you guessed it) the weapons they kept from their respective wars. First they have to save Jim's wife and kid from the Chinese kidnappers, and then take revenge.

Well directed, at least adequately acted, sufficiently gory, full of thrills and spills and also boasting Michael Berryman (the baldie from *The Hills Have Eyes*) as one of the heavies, *Armed Response* can certainly be commended to action movie buffs.

The sheer mechanics of this type of magazine production means there's a certain lack of immediacy in reviews appearing in print, so I'm generally hesitant about backtracking even for a moment. The criteria for slipping back a month on the release schedules are that a movie should be very good indeed, and that it falls into a semi-mythical category of 'not immediately obvious video material' which is trade jargon for 'people aren't going to be looking for it on the shelves of their local library.'

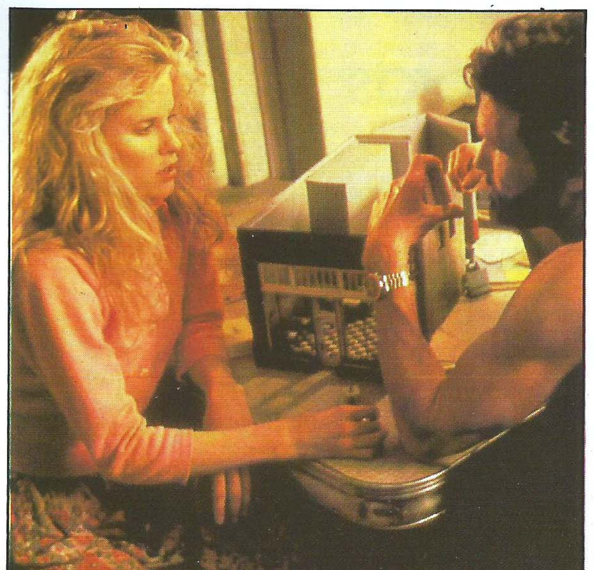
Both considerations apply to the *CBS/Fox* title ***Trouble in Mind***, and it is one video I would urge readers who look for class and not just tits, bums and gore in their viewing to actively seek out down at the corner video shop.

'Rain City' is the setting for *Trouble in Mind*, a slice of metropolitan America where transient young couple Coop and Georgia (Keith Carradine and Lori Singer) take their young kid Spike in the hope of finding a brighter future.

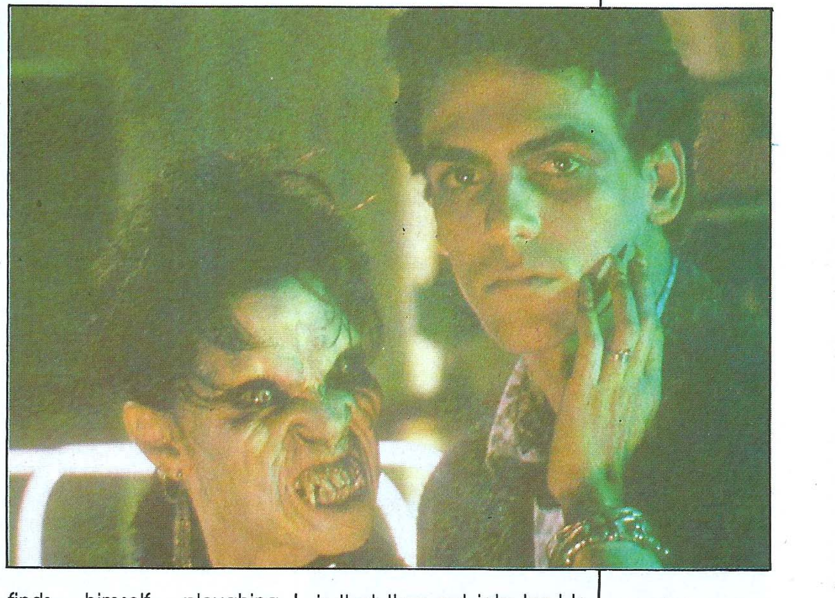
Hawk (Kris Kristofferson), an ex-cop fresh out of nick for wasting a vice boss, who both scares and excites the by now semi-estranged Georgia in his pursuit of her, and add too one Hilly Blue (perfect casting for *Polyester* weirdo Divine), the crime king Coop and his partner have offended far more deeply and dangerously than they realize.

Georgie offers herself to Hawk if only he can stop Coop getting himself evaporated. The problem is that the hammer is already cocked for a bloodbath, and the odds are that someone's going to manage to nudge the trigger.

A very moody and far from uplifting study of low-life's downward spiral which can barely be over-recommended to moderately sophisticated viewers. The direction (Alan Rudolph of *Choose Me*) is done to a T, and the cast fire on all cylinders. Watch especially for the progressive and incessant changes in appearance of Carradine as his character becomes increasingly outré.



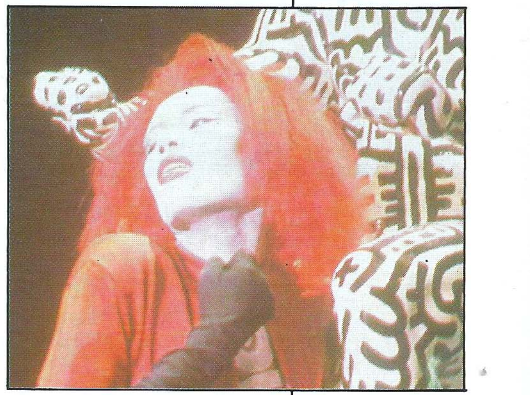
In a perverse sort of way it's always a pleasure to find our distinguished cinema reviewers have let something juicy slip through their tightly mashed net. One should not complain, but in an effort not to tread on their toes the video hack finds himself ploughing through a lot of second string material trying to find an 'unexpected hit' amongst the dross.



This month is like a video critic's wet dream: not only *Aliens* to have a check at but also that sure-fire of a bloodsucking spoof ***Vamp*** *(New World).*

Not surprisingly, attention over this very strange comic horror has centred on the entirely striking presence of weird singer and ex-Bond girl Grace Jones in the key role of a vampire queen, but she's far from the be all and end all of the movie.

Two college boys, Keith and A.J. ('frat' veterans Chris Makepeace and Robert Rusler) are set the task of finding a stripper for a fraternity house party as their initiation. Roping in a rich but despised Indo-chinese student in order to use his car, the boys take off to find the exotic sounding After Dark Club in a very peculiar neighbourhood – so peculiar that the first thing that happens to them is that they get into trouble with a gang of murderous albinos.



In the safety (they imagine) of the club itself, our heroes settle on the very bizarre Katrina (Jones) as the stripper they want for the party, and while Keith tries to recall why a very attractive waitress seems to know him so well, A.J. pays a backstage visit to the stripper. If he's surprised when she starts to take his clothes off and makes advances to him, he's even more surprised when she turns real ugly, sprouts fangs and takes a hunk out of his neck.

In fact, it turns out that most of the 'people' in the club are vampires. Keith's problem is to get himself and his waitress away from the monsters (now including his friend, torn between hunger and old comradeship) and also keep clear of the psychopathic albinos. And that's not to mention making sure that the girl he's with really is 'normal'.

New World's first genuinely classy item on the market under its own name should please all fans of the vampire genre, mixing as it does the humour of a good frat film with the truly horrible moments essential to a successful spoof. Not to be missed.

On the other hand, if all you really do want is tits, bums and gore, then the current title for you is undoubtedly **Aerobicide** *(VIP Premier)*. There's a psycho on the loose carving up the gorgeous female (male too!) customers of an aerobics studio-cum-gymnasium. Who's doing it, and can the cops catch them within the next fifty or so camera shots of a leotard gusset?

A little too grossly exploitave for my tastes, but just the ticket for none-too demanding readers who seek a blatant vehicle for the nudity (and near-nudity) aerobics gyms are popularly thought to represent.

Martyn Lester

Video Of The Month

The battle for star video is a complete non-contest this month, because if there's one video no-one in their right mind is going to miss out on for the entire year, it's **Aliens** *(CBS/Fox)*.

Rather unlike *Alien* in mood and form, this sequel is directed by James Cameron of *The Terminator* and for the last hour plus shares the same kind of relentless action, shocks and paranoid hiatuses of that Arnie robot classic.

We pick up the story as a salvage ship finds Flight Officer Ripley (Signourney Weaver) still drifting in suspended animation as the only survivor of the alien-ravaged ship Nostromo. 'The Company' is highly doubtful of Ripley's story, but when contact is lost with the pioneer colony on planet LB 426 (she's been adrift for 57 years since her visit there) she's sent out with a team of gung-ho marine commandos to find out what's wrong.

What is indeed wrong is that the colonists have been cocooned as vessels for alien gestation, meaning there are vast numbers of the acid-blooded buggers on the loose, including an absolutely enormous egg-laying mother. Bad news for the troops, whose numbers are rapidly depleted by an onslaught of the giant creepy crawlies. Can hunky Michael Biehn (the hero of *The Terminator*) be relied on to save Ripley? Wait for the twist . . .

After an hour of 'when's it going to happen?' build-up, *Aliens* simply erupts in a frenzy that'll keep you on the edge of your sofa. By the time this reaches print, the movie will already have topped the video charts, but if you haven't seen it yet, get down to your local video library immediately.

Want to win a copy too? See our new 'Girl Chat' feature for details of our own *Aliens* competition.

Martyn Lester

Records

Chris Isaak, so I'm told, is singing the sort of material that a lot of people are starting to rave about. Judging from his album **Chris Isaak** on *Warner Brothers*, it looks like I'm going to miss out on another musical trend.

Chris is a young American who sings insubstantial songs about the agonies of superficial relationships. There's nothing absolutely unforgiveable about that. The trouble is that he's aided and abetted by an echo unit – a pretty crummy one at that. If you hated the sounds of all those local secondary school bands with twangy guitars in the style of Duane Eddie, watch your blood pressure – Isaak's got a lotta twangy bits lurking in innocent chorus lines on this record.

The songs are simple, repetitive numbers with titles like: "You Owe Me Some Kind Of Love", "Lover's Game" and "Blue Hotel". The latter song is memorable for its *Rawhide* rhythms, and young Presley approach to vocals – you can almost hear Chris pout as he sings!

The bright spot is a track called "Lie To Me" which is unique in having a lyric consisting of more than seven words repeated ad nauseam. Musically, this track gets the balance right and manages to render the country influences a bit less obtrusive. Final report: tries hard, should do better next time.

There's nothing wrong with film soundtracks! **Castaway** from *EMI* is proof enough of that. Mention *Castaway* to most people and their immediate reaction is to drool over Amanda Donohue's breasts. So, yes the good news is that they are pictured on the back of the album. The bad news is that so are Oliver Reed's.

Much of the original music was penned by Stanley Myers of *The Deerhunter* fame, production and arrangement is by Hans Zimmer. It's pleasant enough listening, even if it's only good in parts. The most interesting tracks are the first three.

Track number one is the Kate Bush number "Be Kind To My Mistakes" specially commissioned for the film – it's as good as we've come to expect from Ms Bush.

The second track is a treat for New Age music fans. A Brian Eno and John Hassel enterprise called "Chemistry". It's taken from an Eno/Hassel album called "Fourth World Volume One: Possible Musics" and features what sounds like a cross between a didgeridoo and an organ with a punctured bellow. It feeds nicely via some bird-song into track three – Debussy's delightful "Clair De Lune". I must get round to seeing the film sometime.

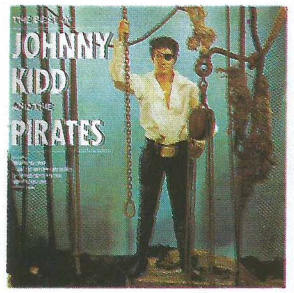
KBC have a self-titled album out on *Arista*. Take a heavy pinch of rockin' pop, yeah, season with some worthy hippie political sentiments ("if we don't care now/Chile could happen here/And if we don't treasure love now/Darkness could happen here") and add a dash of sublimated reggae. The end result is quite delicious. The sound is full and varied. The harmonies are excellent. The guitar work is powerful yet restrained. Keyboards and horns are used with discretion. The melodies are strong and the lyrics have something to say. Good? I nearly tapped my feet!

The backbone of The KBC Band are a trio from way back: Marty Balin, Jack Casady and Paul Kantner – *Jefferson Airplane* heroes. It comes as no surpise, therefore, that there's a good KBC anthem ("America") echoing the old Jefferson "Crown Of Creation". What is surprising about this particular track is that after reappraising the American dream, Kantner and Balin can still find something to be optimistic about.

Search out this record. It's worth a listen.

Andy Oldfield

The sleeve might make him look pretty damn stupid, but **The Best Of Johnny Kidd & The Pirates** *(EMI)* makes one remember that the late Frederick Heath, known to millions of sixties pop fans as Johnny Kidd, was one of the finest British rock and roll singers of that era. This compilation kicks off with the unforgettable classic "Shakin' All Over", their fourth single from 1960, featuring, courtesy of one Joe Moretti, one of the all time great guitar sounds of British pop music. If you think that's over the top and you haven't heard this track – go and listen to it! This song reached number one in June 1960 and stayed in the charts for five months, it was their only number one. Their next best chart success was "I'll Never Get Over You" from 1963, another of the highlights of this LP; as is "Hungry For Love" from the same year. Penultimate track is their very first hit from June 1959: the wonderful "Please Don't Touch" – while the album ends with their latest hit from '64: "Always & Ever". Tragically, Kidd was killed in a car smash near Bury, Lancashire, in October 1966. The three members of the Pirates from 1962-1965, guitarist Mick Green, bass Johnny Spence and drummer Frank Farley, are still around, and enjoyed some success in the late seventies. However, this album is an essential purchase if you want to hear The Pirates at their best – fronted by the legendary Johnny Kidd.

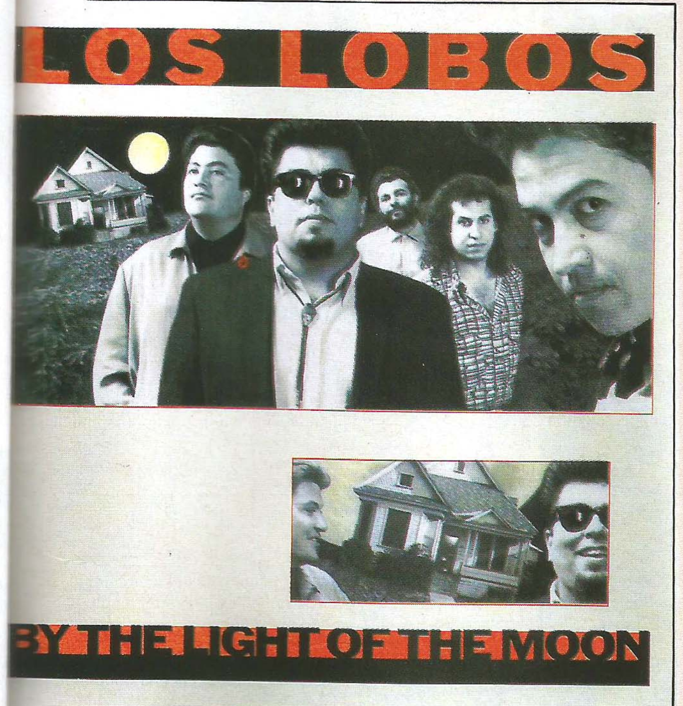


Rock and roll of a very different kind is the attraction of our next album: **Whitesnake** *(EMI)*. Their first LP for over two years, it should re-establish their place at the top of the heavy metal tree. The headbanging brigade will be satisfied with the quality of the harder tracks such as "Bad Boys" and "Children Of The Night", while tracks like "Don't Turn Away" reveal that Whitesnake are more adept than most of their contemporaries at the softer, more melodic numbers. The single, "Still Of The Night", kicks off the album in fine style. Singer David Coverdale is, in effect, Whitesnake, as he is the only remaining founder member, he co-wrote all but one track with guitarist John Sykes, once of Thin Lizzy. Bass player Neil Murray and experienced drummer Aynsley Dunbar make up the band. In case you're wondering, this is indeed the second album to be called just *Whitesnake* – the original was David Coverdale's first solo album after leaving Deep Purple in 1976.

WHITESNAKE

Rupert Metcalf

Record Of The Month

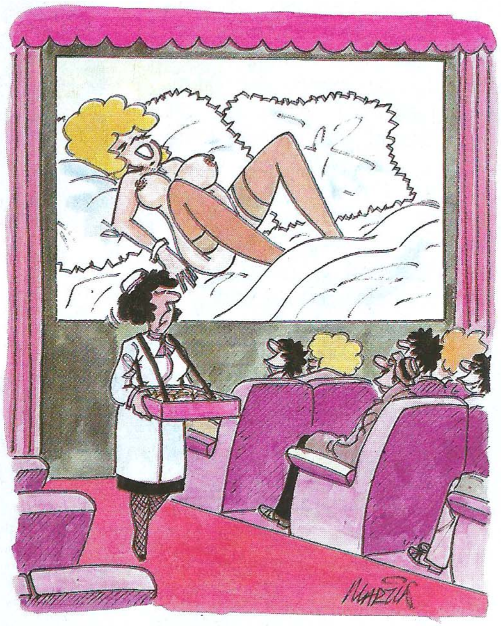


This month's top slot goes to the third album from Los Angeles band Los Lobos: **By The Light Of The Moon** *(Slash)*. It's one of those records that may not stand out as something special on first listen but impresses more and more after each subsequent hearing. Like Ry Cooder and the late, lamented The Band, Los Lobos produce a very American style of music that is very difficult to define. In their early days they played Mexican folk music at concerts and party bookings amongst the LA Hispanic community; and they introduced into their sound influences from rhythm and blues, country music, and rock and roll. The end result is an exciting, vibrant group who play music to move the feet and lift the spirit. Check out side one, track one of the new album: "One Time One Night" – a stunning opener that sets a high standard for the rest of the LP to follow, with its catchy, snappy tune and effortlessly pitched vocals. Elsewhere, the band's Mexican background comes to the fore on "Prenda Del Alma", with its beautiful traditional sound; while another highlight is "Set Me Free (Rosa Lee)", side two's opener.

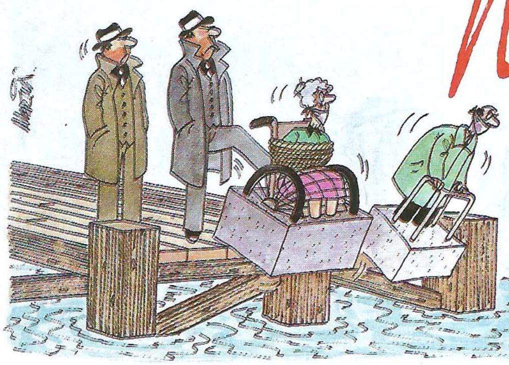
In case the name Los Lobos seems strangely familiar to you, Paul Simon liked the band enough to invite them to play with him on "The Myth Of Fingerprints", the last track on his *Graceland* album. Compliments don't come much bigger than that!

Rupert Metcalf

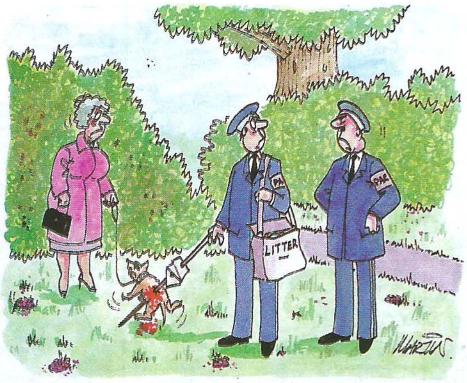
LAUGH WITH MARTIN.



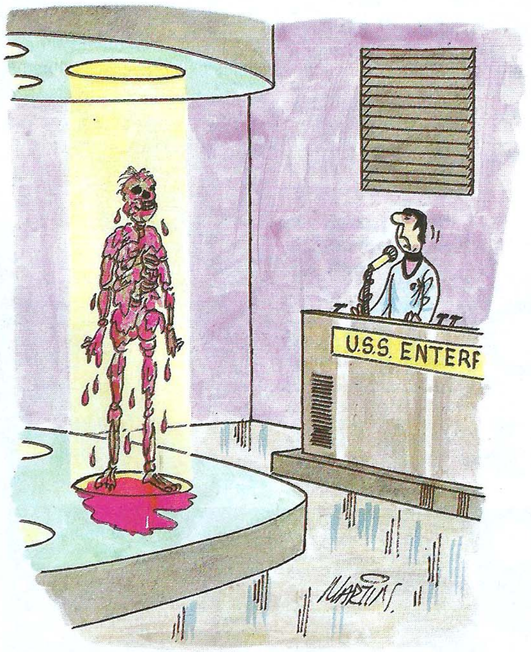
"Ices . . . Peanuts . . . Popcorn . . . Tissues . . ."



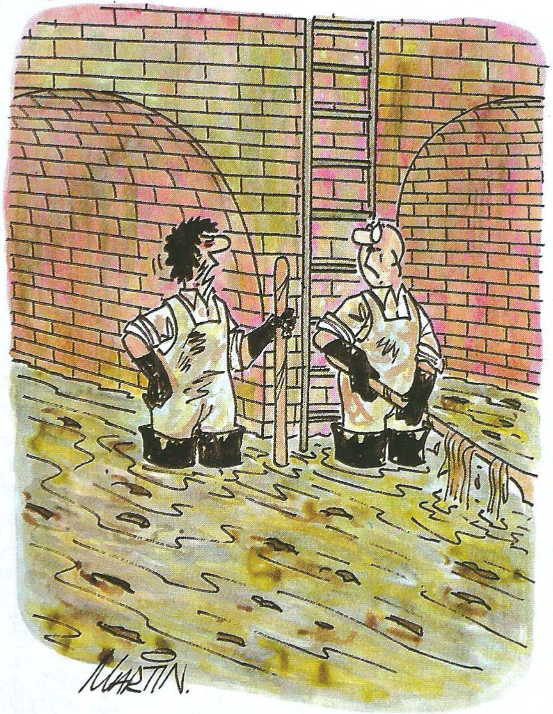
"I'll say one thing about you, Mugsy — you're a hard bastard!"



"Hobson! For God's sake look what you're doing."



"Bloody transporter's playing up again, Mr Spock."

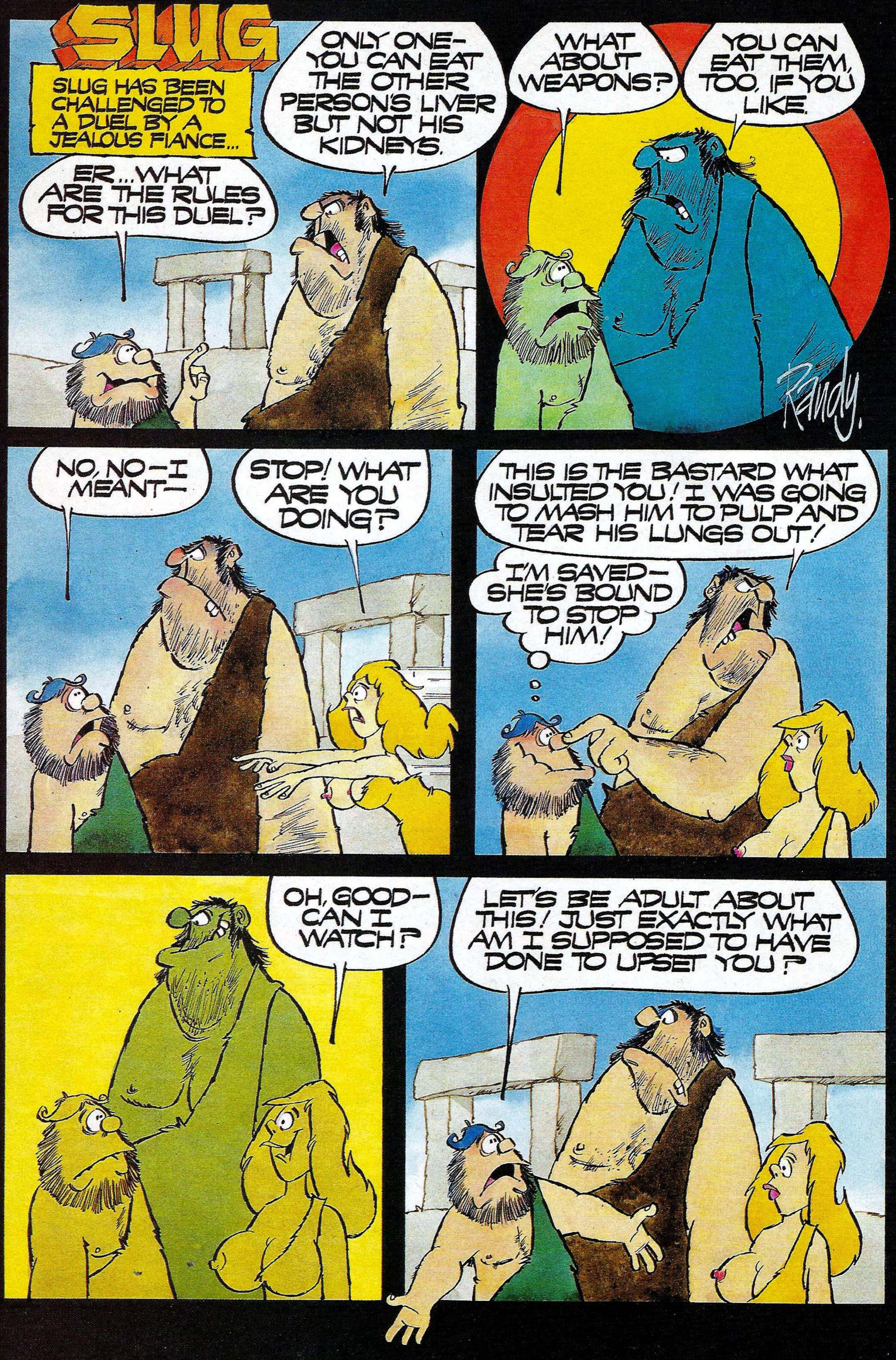


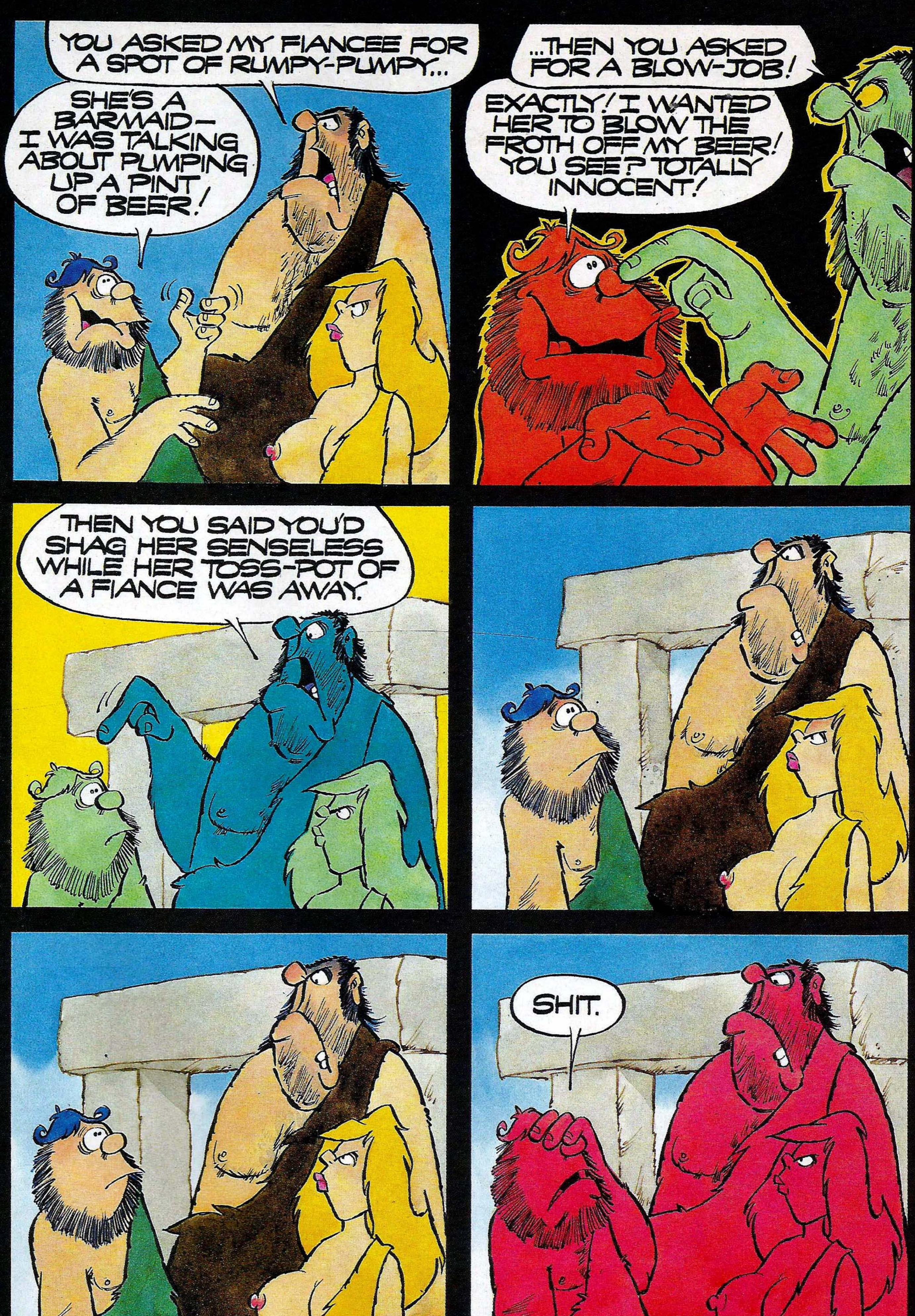
"I don't mind you talking, but must you keep talking shop?"

JENNY

Now, we all know you've seen Jenny in our company's other magazine Fiesta once or twice before. But they didn't exactly treat her in the fashion to which she is accustomed, you know. She is, in fact, the daughter of an obscure member of the Australian Royal Family (shome mishtake?) Her normal lifestyle is very much that of the idle rich: battalions of servants, hordes of corgis to trip over when you're going for a piss in the middle of the night, that sort of thing. Those peasants at Fiesta, though, expected her to put up with rotting fish and chips and plastic cups of Ridley's Old Bob beer when they 'entertained' her in our studio. We, however, did the business . . . the best suite in the best hotel in Essex, the best photographer we could afford, champagne, five course meals, etc. And what thanks did we get? Bugger all. She wouldn't even let the Editor share the suite's king-sized bath with her . . .

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW


SLUG
SLUG HAS BEEN CHALLENGED TO A DUEL BY A JEALOUS FIANCE...
ER...WHAT ARE THE RULES FOR THIS DUEL?
ONLY ONE– YOU CAN EAT THE OTHER PERSON'S LIVER BUT NOT HIS KIDNEYS.
WHAT ABOUT WEAPONS?
YOU CAN EAT THEM, TOO, IF YOU LIKE.
Randy.
NO, NO–I MEANT–
STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THIS IS THE BASTARD WHAT INSULTED YOU! I WAS GOING TO MASH HIM TO PULP AND TEAR HIS LUNGS OUT!
I'M SAVED– SHE'S BOUND TO STOP HIM!
OH, GOOD– CAN I WATCH?
LET'S BE ADULT ABOUT THIS! JUST EXACTLY WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO HAVE DONE TO UPSET YOU?


YOU ASKED MY FIANCEE FOR A SPOT OF RUMPY-PUMPY...
SHE'S A BARMAID– I WAS TALKING ABOUT PUMPING UP A PINT OF BEER!
...THEN YOU ASKED FOR A BLOW-JOB!
EXACTLY! I WANTED HER TO BLOW THE FROTH OFF MY BEER! YOU SEE? TOTALLY INNOCENT!
THEN YOU SAID YOU'D SHAG HER SENSELESS WHILE HER TOSS-POT OF A FIANCE WAS AWAY.
SHIT.

NEXT MONTH–SLUG'S SUICIDE ATTEMPT.

AMATEUR MODEL

A lot of girls do it – how about you? If you want to become one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form at the end of this feature and send us some rude photos of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude – front and back view.

Caroline and Helen Cole

Caroline and Helen Cole are sisters. Bristol born and bred, they share several interests: folk singing, bright lights, and spurning the unwelcome advances of inebriated members of the Knave team of investigative reporters. It's easy to tell them apart. Caroline is blonde and twenty two. Helen's the one with dark hair. She's twenty – exactly a quarter of the Editor's age.

Both girls enjoyed their day in our studio. Neither of them are sure whether they want to take up glamour modelling as a full-time career, but they might be persuaded! Keep a lookout for them in the future.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN WALTON

TO: AMATEUR MODEL COMPETITION, KNAVE, P.O. BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

Please complete this form to enter our special competition to find a cover girl for the Knave Amateur Model Special. The lucky winner will be invited to our studio for a day's modelling, and will be paid a £400 modelling fee! She will appear on the cover and on the centre spread photo set of our Amateur Model Special, to be published in November 1987. We will pay £100 to whoever takes the photos sent to us of the lucky winner.

Entrants will also be eligible for the Amateur Model feature in regular issues of Knave — see the beginning of this month's feature for details.

Please tick here ( ) if you wish your polaroids or prints to be considered for publication in the Knave Amateur Model Special; again, see the beginning of this feature for further details.

This competition closes on 1st June 1987 — but please send us your photos as soon as possible.

MODEL'S NAME ....
ADDRESS..
....
DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....
DATE OF BIRTH ....
SIGNATURE ....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME..
ADDRESS..
....
DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....
DATE PHOTOS TAKEN..
SIGNATURE ....

continued from page 26

"Why? Because it's there!"

continued on page 93

continued from page 91

small rest, we both got up, made ourselves decent and meandered back to the now less crowded party, where we commandeered the sofa, smiling and beaming into each other's eyes. Only nearly a month later were we to learn that I hadn't impregnated her. – *A.R., Derby.*

Poke In A Punt

It happened many, many years ago, but I have never forgotten it, and I never shall. It was unplanned, unintended and unexpected. I was barely nineteen, and as you will have gathered it was my first time. It was also Maggie's first time, and she hasn't forgotten it either.

Saturdays became days for outings, and on one never-to-be-forgotten Saturday Maggie and I went to Cambridge. We looked round the town and colleges and then went onto The Backs. It was truly lovely there. She was very moved by it and tears filled her wide eyes. She was unable to thank me enough for bringing her, and she grew warmly affectionate.

'Why don't we go on the river?' she asked. 'Let's go to Grantchester.'

I agreed. I let her go and buy some food, and I went to hire a punt. She returned in due course with a pack of sandwiches and a bottle of wine.

We ate and drank, and perhaps Maggie drank more than was good for her, because she began to show me a facet of her character she had so far kept hidden. She was always a passionate girl within the constraints she had set herself, but she would never indulge in any questionable behaviour. But here we now were, tumbling and rolling in the grass, kissing with abandon, and very noisily, and groping each other under our clothes. She had my shirt out of my trousers and was digging her fingernails into my back, just as you see people doing on television today. Her naked breasts and the frequent glimpses of her supple thighs inflamed me. Soon I had an erection, and my balls and groin ached excruciatingly. I don't know how Maggie felt at this stage, but I sensed I was losing control. I undid another button of her dress, and there lay her knickers, they seemed to serve no purpose other than to tempt me. I had only to slip my hand inside them and I could have them down. It would be so easy. I hesitated, and then I did.

She had anticipated my move and was ready. She swooped on me like an eagle. 'No,' she said.

We resumed the river trip, laughing and teasing each other as we recalled what had just passed between us. It seemed to me that she was soon regretting having left our little nest in the hedgerow. Sitting there on the cushions on the floor of the punt she began to look more ravishingly beautiful than ever; and then she started to seduce me with those big brown eyes. I was sure she was inviting me to join her down there – it was obvious from the very way she looked.

'I won't be able to keep my hands off you if I come,' I said to her.

'Slip them off, Maggie, I want you. Please!'

"People in the bus were watching her, and were probably guessing what it was all about, but she didn't seem to care and neither did I. We were too happy!"

She did not answer me, so I asked again. Still nothing. As delicately as I could, I began to peel them over her pubic hair, and to my astonishment she raised them over her thighs and knees, and then off her feet. She was now almost naked, and lay with her eyes closed and head tossed back, waiting for me. I watched incredulously as her legs opened, and a small, flushed crack peeped out at me from among the hairs. 'My God!' I said to myself, 'she isn't going to stop me.'

'It will be all right, Bob,' she said. She stretched out her arms and pulled me down on her, and closed her hand round my penis. 'Be nice to me, Bob,' she pleaded. 'Love me slowly.'

It was a subdued Maggie that I took home that evening. She sat next to me on a crowded bus and hardly spoke. Why wasn't she willing to talk about the matter what was uppermost in her mind? She knew that I had come inside her, and that the consequences could, at least, be inconvenient. 'You'll have to tell me. It's no use pretending it hasn't happened,' I said. 'How soon will you know?'

'About a fortnight,' she sputtered. 'What are we going to do?'

I tried to console her. 'Listen Maggie,' I told her. 'The chances of a baby are probably not very high. After all you were a virgin. But if you're pregnant I'll marry you. I'll marry you in any case if that is what you want.'

I have never seen such a change come over anyone as came over Maggie when she heard that. She almost choked with emotion and then smiled and laughed through her tears. People in the bus were watching her, and were probably guessing what it was all about, but she didn't seem to care, and neither did I.

'Will you come in for a few minutes when we get home?' she asked. 'We shall be alone.'

'I shall want you again if I do and that would be tempting fate – wouldn't it?'

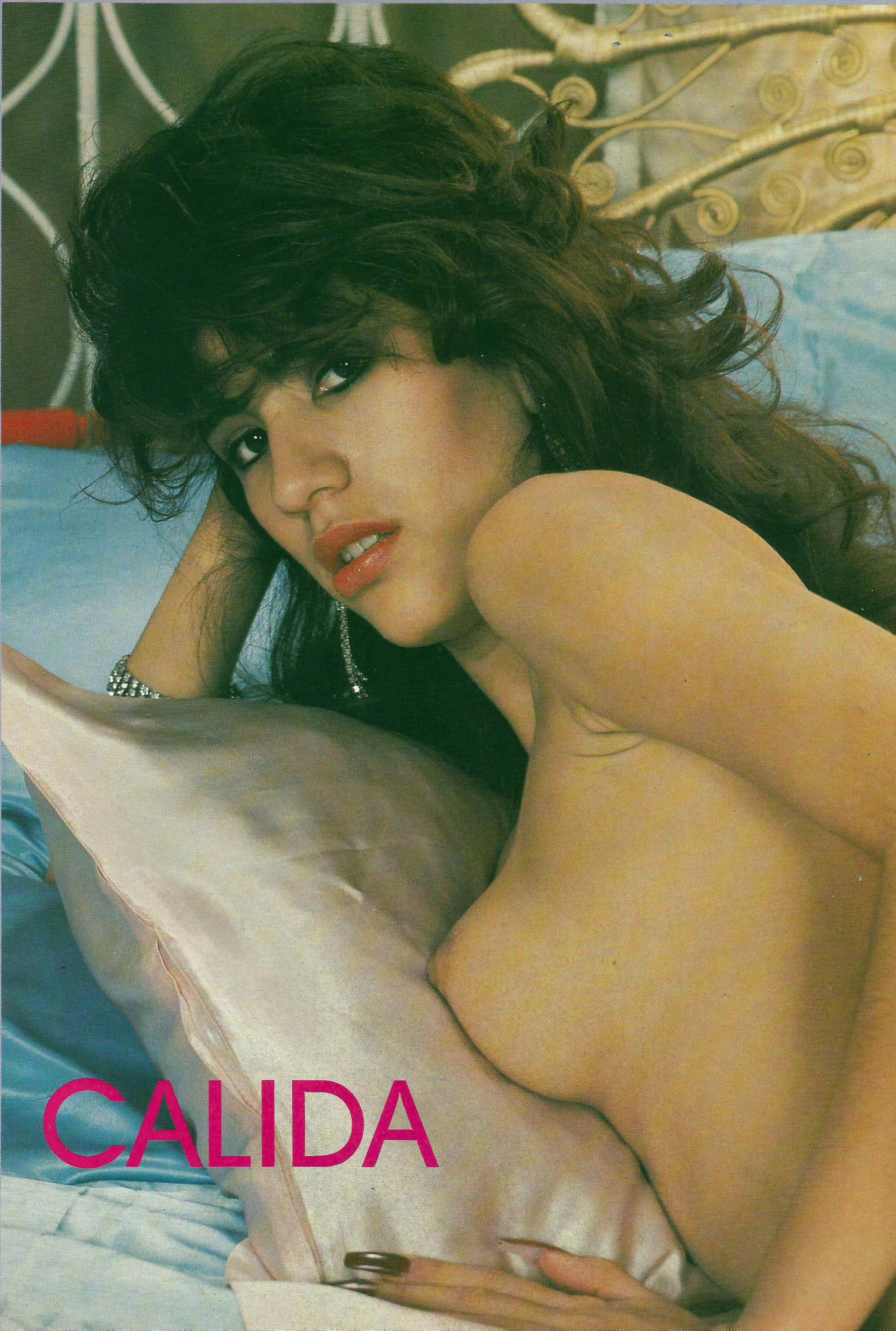
'Then some other time?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'some other time.'

I left her at the front door, and then made my way home by a path which took me past a chemist's shop. I searched the window and soon found what I was looking for. Good! The next time I fucked Maggie there would be nothing for either of us to worry about – that is if I could keep away from her until Monday when the shop would be open again. – *Bob, Chester.*

FOR GOD'S SAKE

Give me strength!
Mollusc.
BULLWORKER



CALIDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAG OHRLUND

Photographer Dag is one of our best snatch-searchers from Sweden, but we're obviously paying him too much, as he has just come back from a six months, no less, stay in the good ole' USA. He didn't spend all his time dribbling Miller Lite down his designer casual wear and losing money at cards, however. He managed to find one or two tasty young ladies prepared to lose all their inhibitions (and, more relevantly, their clothes) as soon as they caught sight of his Nordic blue eyes and blond curls. One such lady of little scruples is Calida here, whom Dag swears he found stuffing enchiladas in a downtown LA Mexican restaurant. Apparently her name means 'ardently loving' and our boastful photographer claims that she lived up to her name in more ways than one. That, we feel sure, had more to do with a back pocket bulging with our expense account dollars than with his 'charms' . . . Still, wherever the truth lies. Calida sure looks tasty to us.

GREAT SPORTING DISASTERS

You might think that sport on TV is bad enough as it is. Believe me, it could be even worse. DES PERROT brings you the low down on some of the sporting lunacies that never quite made the big-time.

Much as I hate to admit it in a magazine of this nature, sport is nowadays bigger than sex. More people spend their Saturday afternoons watching sport on TV than watching sex on TV.

We all know about the great games — cricket, football, rugby, tennis, 47-man squamish and politics — and we're all familiar with the boring games that the TV companies are trying to hype because they're dirt cheap to film — darts, snooker, volleyball, foreign wars, etc. But for every sport that gets its own tedious TV coverage or is played to Olympic level, there are literally dozens of exciting, innovative and really stupid games that are doomed never to loom large in the public domain such as . . .

ILLUSTRATION BY ALASTAIR GRAHAM

continued from previous page

Formula One Tortoise Racing

An idea hit upon some years ago by a consortium of Essex businessmen. You take a tortoise, remove all the unnecessary internal organs, cut a little hatch in the shell and insert a small but powerful electric motor (and batteries) which powers little retractable wheels sticking out of the bottom. The idea never caught the public imagination and few people turned up to see the little bleeders whizzing round Brand's Hatch at 160 m.p.h. It's unpopularity was initially thought to be due to the lack of spectacular crashes and pile-ups, so every third animal was fitted with an explosive charge that could be detonated by remote control. Just as it started packing the crowds in, the RSPCA succeeded in getting it banned.

> **"Just as it started packing the crowds in, the RSPCA succeeded in getting it banned."**

Ballfighting

"The only real men I ever met," said Ernest 'Grandma' Hummingbird in his great novel 'For Whom the Ball Rolls' "were the ballfighters of Southern Spain." He then describes how he spent "many an afternoon at the ball-ring watching Ernesto 'Pansy' Sanchez, Raul 'Wimpo' Dominguez and Carlos 'Powder Puff' Pizzaro taking on those balls single-handed." In the game, an eight-inch woollen ball is bounced into the ring. The matador comes in and throws his mat at it. Then the picador comes in and picks the ball up. Then he puts it down again. The ball is now thoroughly enraged and exhausted. The toreador comes in, and in a breathtaking display of skill, swordsmanship and sheer animal courage, hacks the ball into a million bits with his sword. In spite of Mr Hummingbird's evident enthusiasm for the game, he was usually the only paying spectator in the stands.

The Great Grand Canyon Long Jump Event

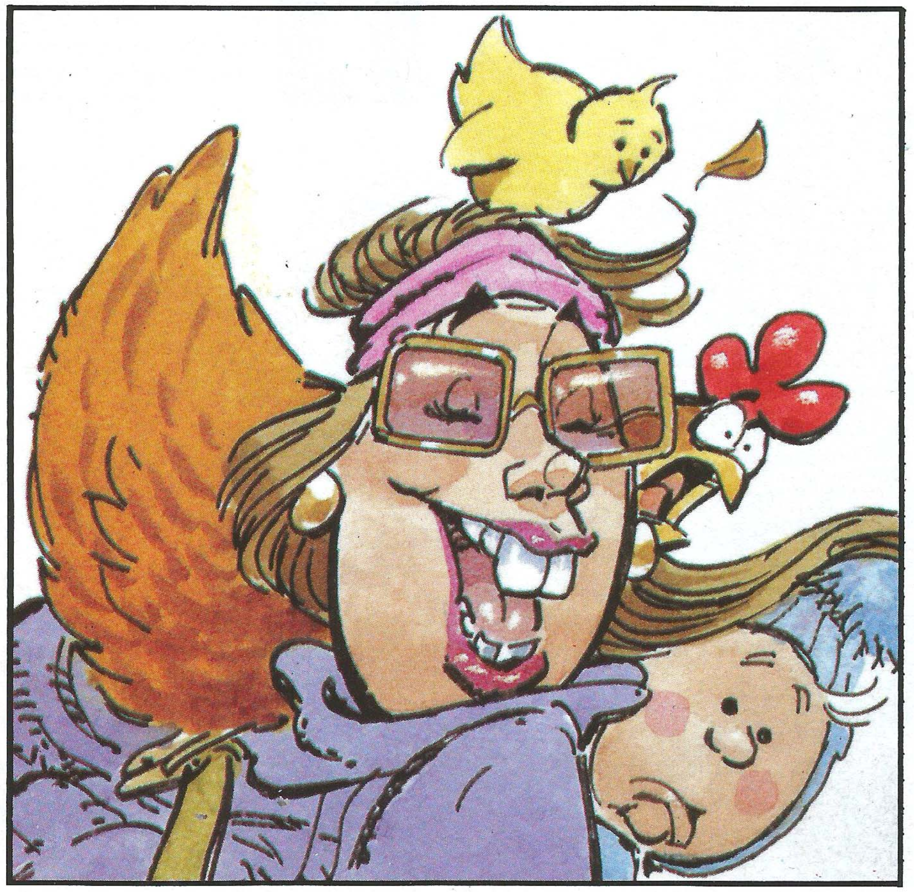
Organized by the famous American impresario Phineas T. Bunkum back in 1912. As he later remarked in his autobiography 'Fifty Years a Showman, Seventy Years a Crook', "they certainly jumped a long way". None of the contenders got to the other side.

Sub-Soda Monopoly

Competing teams play Monopoly on motorbikes at the bottom of a swimming-pool filled with cream soda. The money kept getting wet.

The Great Land's End to John O' Groats Cockroach Race

Hoppy got run over on the Truro by-pass, Nigel had a heart attack outside Exeter. Sponsorship is now being sought for a Great Land's End to John O'Groats Relay Roach Race. Always keen to promote their image as clean, wholesome and successful, a number of tobacco companies are considering.



Kamikaze Kricket

A javelin is used instead of a ball, a flame-thrower takes the place of a bat, sticks of dynamite are used for stumps, boxes and pads are filled with gunpowder. As it's played at the height of summer, players wear skin-tight black PVC body-stockings (and sunglasses) and spectators are advised to bring an umbrella. While there was a potentially huge audience for the game, nobody wanted to play it. Its inventor, Mr Kerry Fudgepacker, has since moved on to other things.

The Monte Carlo Rally

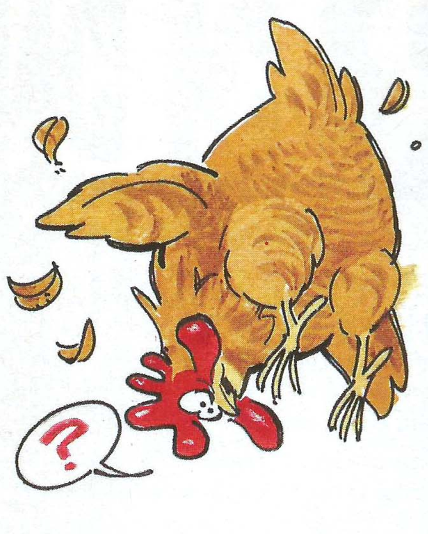
A variation on the world famous motor race in which contestants took short-cuts by driving through the town's many casinos. Needless to say, the judges ruled this out of order, but enjoyed a certain popularity in Las Vegas for a while until it was outlawed after famous Swedish driver Cakky Hosenblatter hit a wall of one-armed bandits at 120 m.p.h. He got seven nudges, five broken ribs, third-degree burns and four years suspended.

Pro- Celebrity Terrorism

Conceived specially for television; a pilot show was made for London Weekend Television in 1982. It was hosted, as ever, by laughalong Brucie Foreskin, doing his usual impersonation of a small pile of pig-manure, ably assisted by the lovely Voluptua Whoopie (showing as many legs and nipples as the IBA would allow). The panel of 'showbiz' contestants comprised Barbara Woofwoof, Jimmy Tarbrush, wacky Kenny Eveready and Mandy Smut while the professionals were represented by Commander Zerox, Yasser Gelignite, Ulrike Messerschmitt and Dermot O'Monaghan (real name: The Hon. Charles Ponsonby Fortescue-Cholmondley). A studio audience was kidnapped to laugh and clap at the right times and to judge which of the contestants could blackmail the best concessions out of the American government in 60 minutes. At this point, the European Court of Human Rights intervened and had the show stopped at the last minute, ruling that subjecting people to an hour of Bruce Foreskin was 'inhuman'. Rumours that LWT were thinking of making a show called 'Pro-Celebrity Sex' to be hosted by Larry Grayhair have never been confirmed, or — for that matter — denied.

Fish Fencing

Actually introduced during the 1956 Olympics. Contestants tried to hit each other on the trunk or limbs with a 35lb. Canadian salmon. The proceedings broke up in disorder when the East Germans were disqualified for throwing tinned salmon.



Free-Fall Football

The teams, linesmen, referee, ball and goalposts are all thrown out of an RAF Hercules. All have parachutes (well, they're supposed to). "It was a great idea, Des," said manager Ron de Cision after the game, "but you can't have a Cup Final that only lasts ten minutes, so I think we're going to have to knock this one on the head. Still, we didn't have much in the way of crowd trouble."

2CV Hunting

Very similar to fox-hunting, except that the prey is a Citröen 2CV and its inhabitants. This so-called 'sport' has rightly been condemned as inhumane and gave rise to Oscar Wilde's famous remark about the "unspeakable in pursuit of the undriveable." But it's defended by farmers and landowners as the only feasible way of keeping a serious pest out of the countryside. Farmer Bob Farrow of Somerset, president of the League for Cruel Sports, told me that "city folks who say that 2CV hunting is cruel should have a look at a chicken-coop after a 2CV has been through it. They're a pest, they have to be dealt with — believe me, it's a mercy." Since I spoke to him, Farmer Bob and the whole of the Bridgwater hunt were creamed by a juggernaut (a Citröen, funnily enough) while chasing a 2CV down the M5.

Tightrope Skating

A real non-starter. Organizer Brian Smedley didn't realize that ice-skates will cut through rope. Nor did star contestants Awful and Green, who fell to a messy demise ten minutes after the sport was invented.

Ice Rugby

Very violent. Popular in Canada, Arctic weather stations and other cold places where small groups of men are stuck with each other for months on end with nobody to have normal sex with. It's very hard to kick the ball into touch or convert a try, but it's very easy to kick other players (have you ever seen ice-skates with studs on?. . .). I really can't understand why it's never caught on.

Sneaker

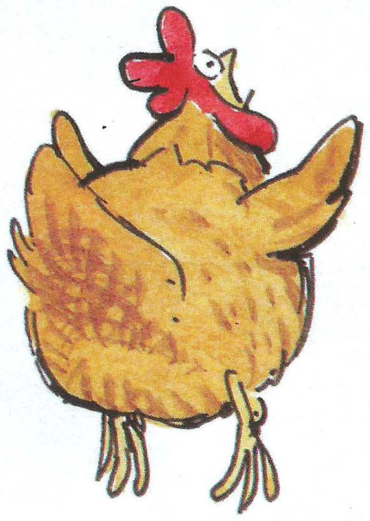
Contestants move around a crowded pub, dressed in waistcoats, bow-ties and frilly shirts. They attempt to creep up on an opponent from behind and hit him very hard on the head with a long thin piece of wood known as a sneaker-cue. A favourite with off-duty nightclub bouncers.

The Transantarctic Pinball Challenge

Players would cross the South Pole on a pinball machine pulled by Huskies. The winner would be the one with the best time, the most points and no tilts. It was won by a deaf, dumb and blind kid for three years running until everyone tilted into a crevice in 1973.

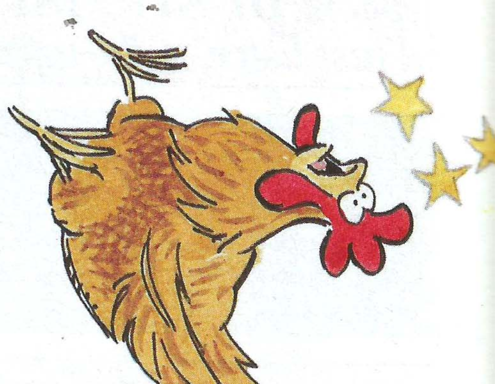
Alternative Comedian Fighting

In 1985, so-called 'alternative comedians' Alexei Knowall and Rik Wayle were starved for three weeks until foaming vicious and then thrown into a pit at the Embassy Ballroom, Wolverhampton. Here, using their claws and teeth, they ripped shit out of each other. While not especially entertaining, the proceedings were judged considerably funnier than their usual acts.



Trench Warfare

Trench warfare became internationally popular during the 1914-1918 war. After the Armistice, many top players decided to go professional and a Trench Warfare League was organized. But after the first match at Wembley, the stadium-owners objected to the pitch being dug up, the linesmen being machine-gunned and the spectators being gassed. The whole idea was dropped until it was recently adopted by a certain West Yorkshire Supporters' Club.



Steeple Chasing

A full-sized electric church steeple was run along a track through Aintree racecourse. Unhappily, the horses showed no interest in chasing it and it knocked the jumps to smithereens.

> **"On the 12th of August, the open season on world leaders begins."**

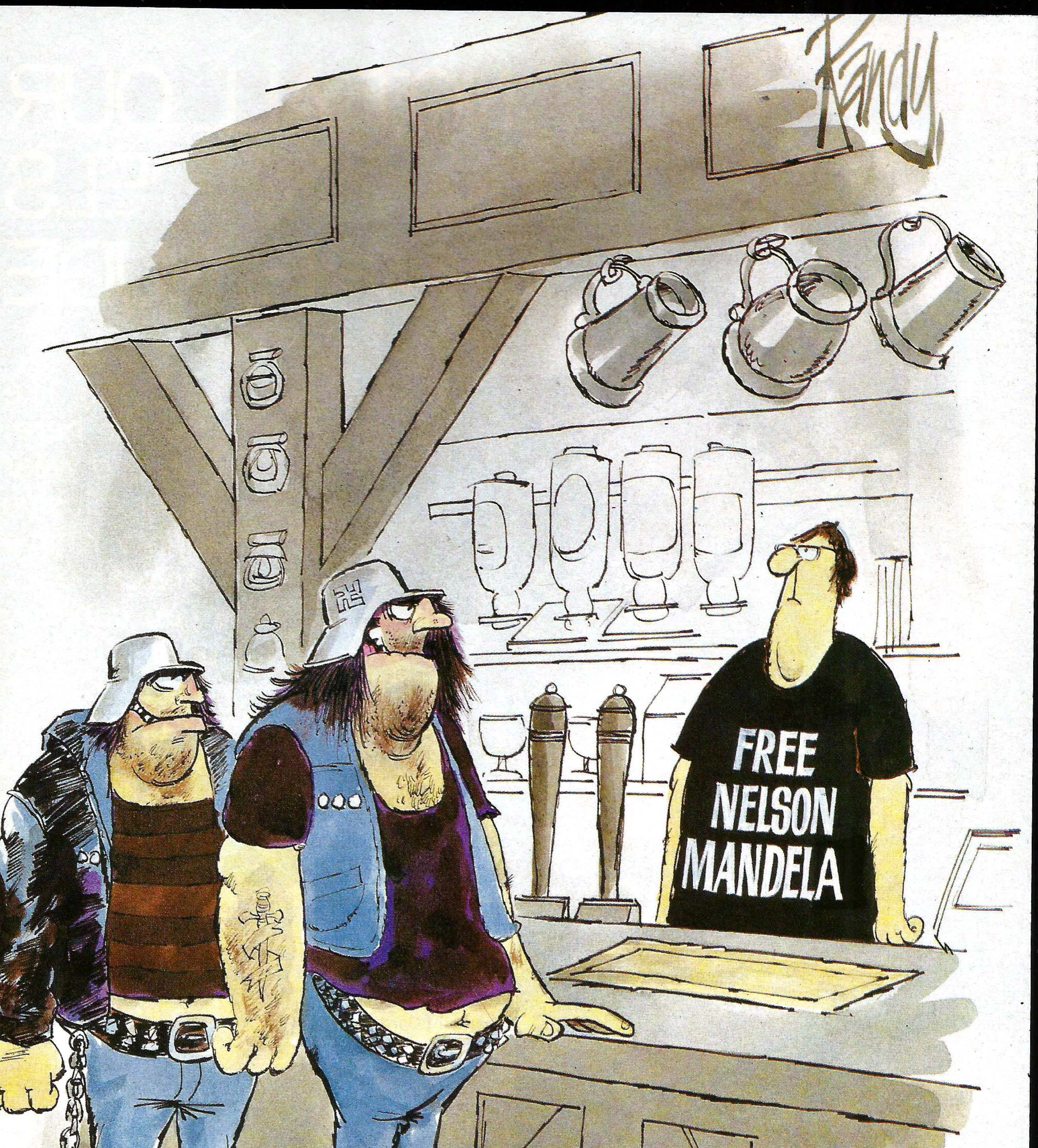
Figure Assassination

On the 12th of August, the open season on world leaders begins. Amateur and professional assassins take their guns out and go forth to bag themselves a president or two for the walls of the trophy room. The season ends on the 11th of August.

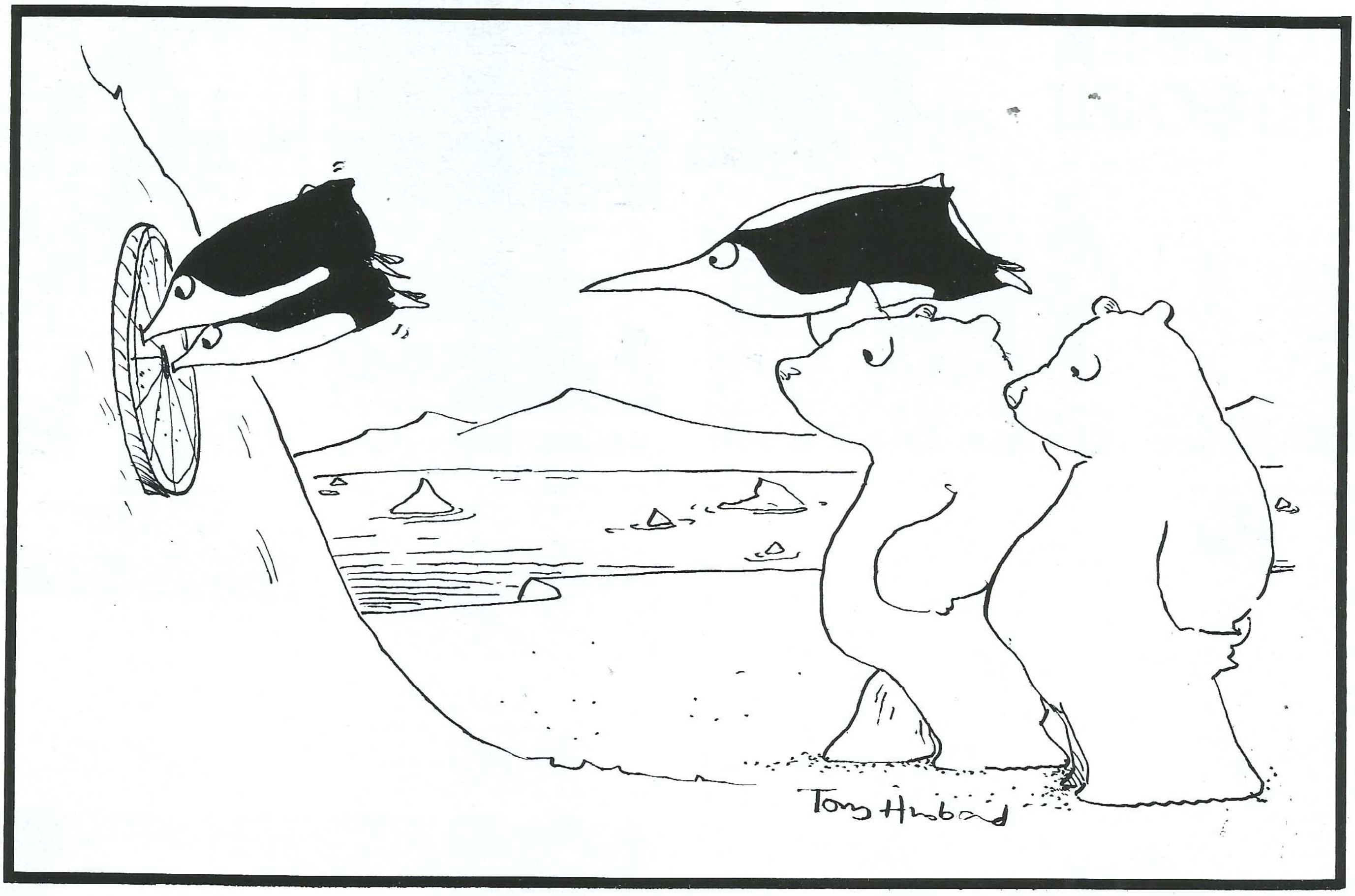
Fencing

Not the modern version; back in the Middle Ages, people used to hit each other with fences. Then it was found that roofing was more exciting. This, too, died out. There doesn't seem to be much of a future for double-glazing.

Of course the real reason that many of these sports have never made it is money. Football, tennis, athletics and the rest survive because of national prestige, and the big cash they attract through sponsorship, televising-fees, bribes, drugs and so on. And when you think about it, fish fencing (for example) is no more ludicrous a pastime than 22 grown men in shorts chasing a lump of wet leather around a field for 90 minutes — and it's twice as entertaining. Bearing in mind football's ongoing crises, it just might be that one day we'll be spending our Saturday afternoons watching fish fencing, or bowls (if a way of stopping the fruit falling out can be devised), or snow jumping (though pushing thoroughbreds down mountains can be expensive), or people shoving rhinos down their trousers (an old West Country test of congenital stupidity), or even snot-putting (no comment).

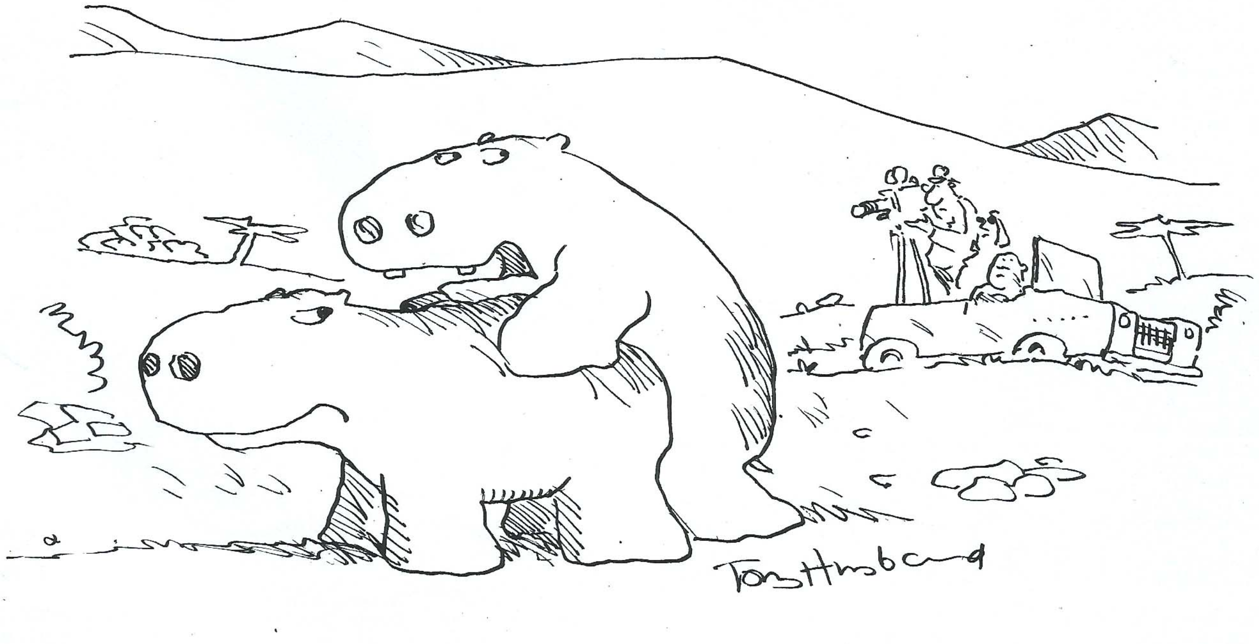

Randy
FREE
NELSON
MANDELA

"Two pints of Nelson Mandela!"



Tony Husband

LAUGH WITH Tony Husband



Tony Husband

"You just can't do it these days without some bloody film crew showing up."

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

In the quest for frontiers newish, Knave sort of proudly presents a brand new feature. BETTE NOIRE, B.Sex (Hons), M.Sex (Distinction), P.45 — on sabbatical from the University of Fortis Green, California, researching her new book "Advanced Sexual Techniques In Post-Industrial Capitalism: The Role Of The Blow-Job In Freebie Etiquette" — suddenly finds herself saddled with the job of consoling all your bruised egos and inferiority complexes.

Q: I read a lot of racy books and magazines, especially Knave, including back issues. I've also just completed a speed-reading course for business reasons. Could I develop a tendency to prematurely ejaculate if I speed-read porn? — M.W., (Co. Wicklow).

A: This is a joke, right? Just think of the advantages — you should be able to whip right through the seventeen volumes of 'History of Depravity' in no time flat. Or try the writings of the Marquis de Sade in a minute. Personally, I think I'd put my time to better use — besides reading Knave (such good taste!), whiz through some sex manuals instead and brush up on your technique — you'll be a demon in a matter of days!

Q: Lately, when my wife and I are having sex, my mind wanders. I can't seem to concentrate on what we're doing, and wonder, what's going on? — C.Z., (Torquay).

A: Hm. You don't say if you're having hassles at work, or even with her, so I don't know if you're preoccupied with something else. (If that's the case, either leave it behind you when you get inside the sheets, or deal with it, possibly with her.) If that's not it, it certainly sounds as if you've been taking a passive role in your lovemaking — you're just watching, not getting actively involved. I mean, there are two of you in there, right? Perhaps sex has just become a habit or routine. A little change in repertoire would help — so would using your imagination!

Q: I enjoy reading your column each month. My question is about female orgasm. I always thought that when a woman came, it was in a long continuous wave of pleasure. However, I have since heard that the female orgasm is more like a man's; i.e. it comes in spurts. Can you help? — B.W., (Hertford).

A: Kind words, B.W., — and a good question. Actually, a woman's orgasm can be almost as individual as the woman having it. (And it's only recently that scientists — male, mind you — have found that out!) To hear some women describe it, it can range from a series of little flutters (and we're talking one orgasm here) to a downhill swoop (this one loves roller coasters) to a Big Bang, to a teasing little sigh, to the waves and spurts. To make things even more interesting, one woman can have several kinds of orgasms. (Ooh, I love variety . . .) See?

Q: My boyfriend's penis is really pretty big, and I'm sometimes sore after sex. Will my vagina stretch? — L.V., (Surbiton).

A: Of course, little innocent one — it's designed that way. (I'm assuming he isn't a battering ram about 3 feet long. In that case, put him in Guiness — the book, not the beer.) The point is, he should enter you only when you're good and aroused, that way you've expanded enough and are sufficiently lubricated. If you have any dryness, try KY jelly, and if he's too eager before you're ready, extend the wonderful arts of foreplay . . .

Q: I get turned on too easily! Everything — even sports, or the sight of a girl on the television — gets me going. It's embarrassing! — R.H., (Frant).

A: Well, frankly, I think it's better to have an erection when you don't necessarily want one, than to be left limp when you do. By the way, the kind of strain you get while doing sports or exercises can often precipitate it, and the day a woman doesn't have that effect, we'll have to have a talk, my dear! Don't worry your head about it — besides, it should calm down a bit as you get older.

Q: Is it possible for a woman to actually lose consciousness when she has a climax? I know a woman at work who maintains that she does, but I've never come across that! — J.M., (Jersey).

A: Whew! Must be the winds over there. Actually, although it isn't that common, some women do, and it's nothing to worry about. A woman's pelvis fills up like a man's penis. Her vagina engorges, her uterus can double in size because of the blood in it. Climaxing pushes out a lot of blood from the whole pelvic area — point is, all that moving around of a lot of fluid can cause a reaction similar to fainting! Just hang in there and awaken her with a kiss, if you ever come across the situation.

Q: This sounds dumb, I know, but every time I pull out of the woman I make love with, my semen pours out, and soaks the bed. Is it normal that most of me ends up on the sheets instead of in her? — C.S., (London).

A: Heavens, yes. Accept it. Several solutions, though, to keep things dry: A towel. Rubber sheets, if you're into that. A condom. A washcloth for your partner. Do it in the bathroom. On the floor. (Then move to the bedroom and do an encore — the amount of semen lessens with each bout.) No problem — it's natural. Get the idea?

Q: I can't climax unless I masturbate like I did the first time: in bed, rubbing against something hard and flat. What can I do? — D.H., (Stalybridge).

A: Does that mean you haven't been able to come with a woman? Your letter isn't specific, but it sounds to me that you're still masturbating in the same way as when you were a youngster. It's time to grow up and teach — or, in your case, reprogram — your body to do the same. Most women in the world aren't hard and flat, so you're on your way to a happier sex life if you can re-educate your senses. Yes, it can be done, with some effort and some concentration! Once you've given up your preconceived idea your body will take over. Leave off masturbating in your usual way, and take it step by step: try a new position, and stay with it, using fantasy or pictures to help keep your mind on what you're doing. Concentrate on the pleasure you're feeling, and keep at it, whether it takes several times or a hundred. Don't worry about actually coming, just think of how good you're feeling, what you're feeling. And keep up the work! Once you've broken the pattern, there's no stopping you — and you might want to include women in the act! And check back in a few months . . . Everyone remembers his/her first time as being special, but there's more where that came from!

Problem? Reasonable questions answered. If unreasonable, they'll either get trashed or passed around for a smirk or a laugh in the office! Write to: What's Your Problem? Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.